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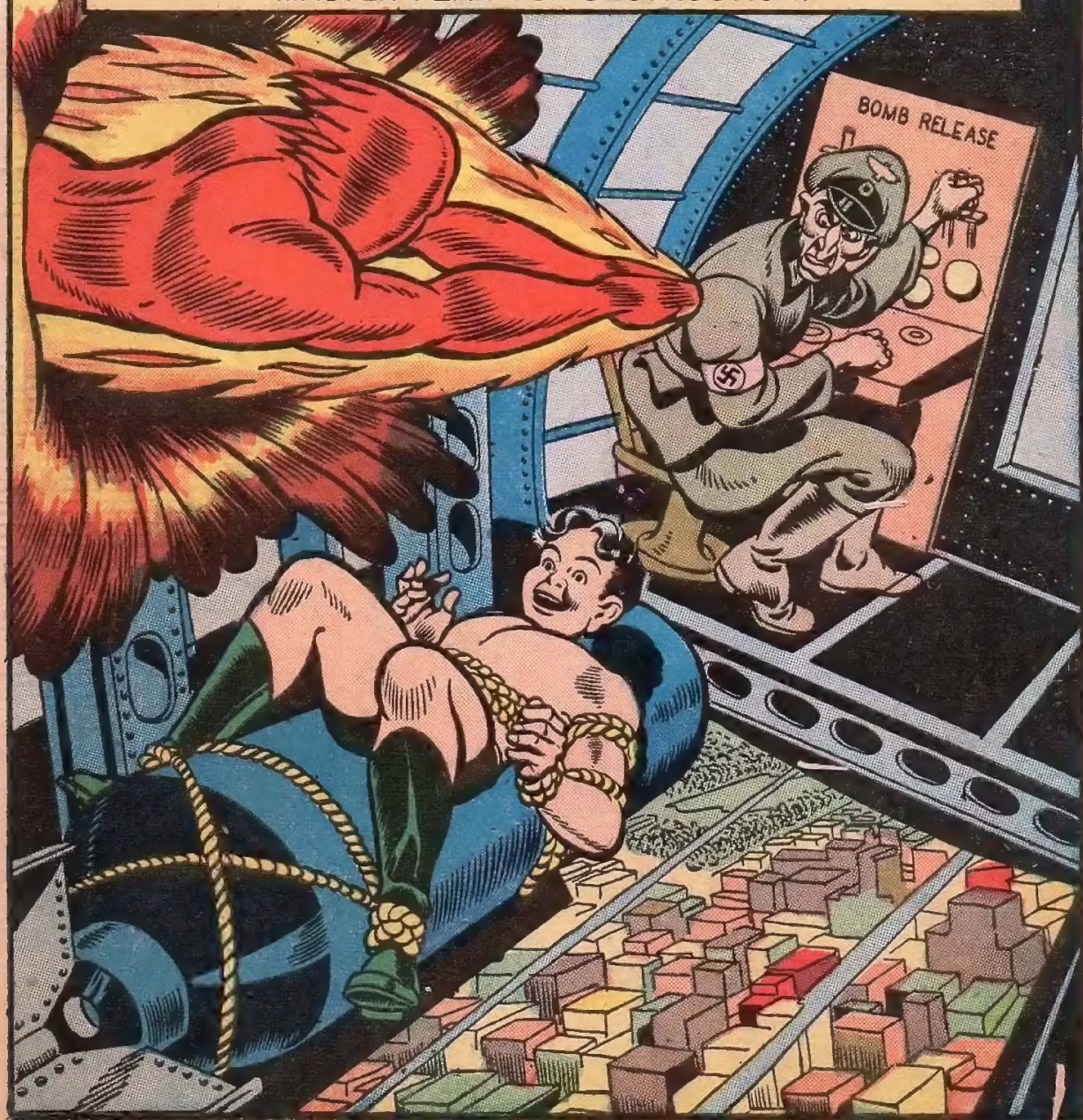
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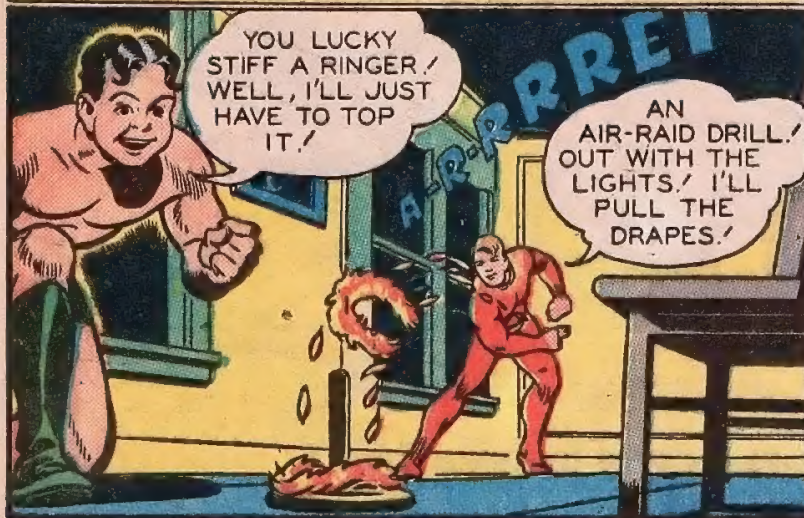
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THE HUMAN TORCH

TAKE AN EVIL NAZI SCIENTIST WITH A POWERFUL NEW EXPLOSIVE. / ADD TO THIS A FLEET OF NAZI BOMBERS. / THEN DROP THE HUMAN TORCH AND HIS PAL TORO INTO THIS MESS AND SHAKE WELL. / WE NOW HAVE A MASTER PLAN FOR DESTRUCTION!



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE APARTMENT OF TORCH AND TORO, WHERE A HOT GAME OF HORSE-SHOES IS UNDER-
WAY. AND AS ONLY THE FLAMING TWO-SOME CAN PLAY IT!



BUT A MILE AWAY IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT CREW.....



-AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT----



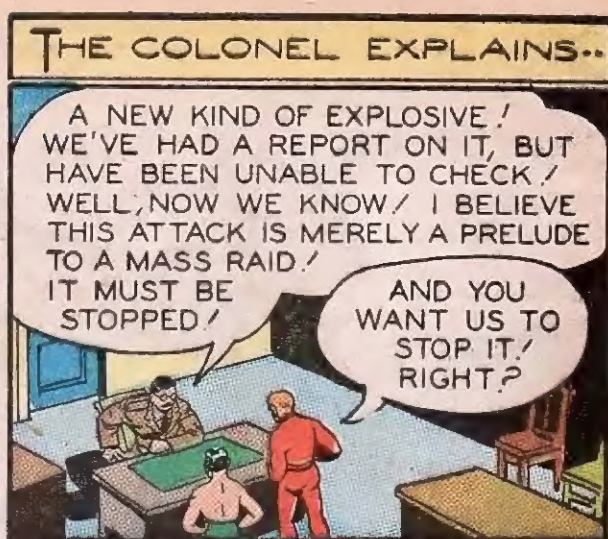
COLONEL CORKY ESCORTS THE FLAMING DUO TO A BALCONY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, WHICH OVERLOOKS A SCENE OF UTTER DEVASTATION!





THAT'S THE MOST TRAGIC PART ABOUT IT, TORCH! IT ONLY TOOK ONE...BOMB!

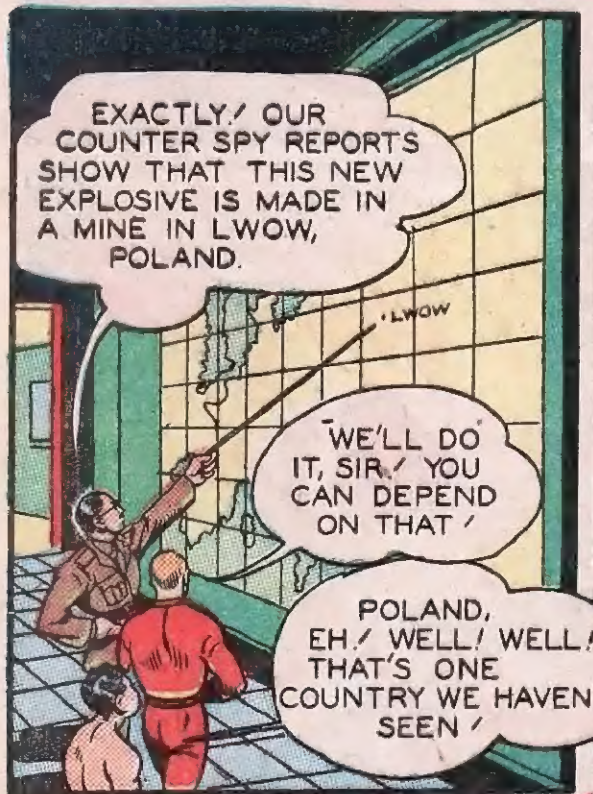
WHAT? BUT HOW?



THE COLONEL EXPLAINS..

A NEW KIND OF EXPLOSIVE! WE'VE HAD A REPORT ON IT, BUT HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO CHECK! WELL, NOW WE KNOW! I BELIEVE THIS ATTACK IS MERELY A PRELUDE TO A MASS RAID! IT MUST BE STOPPED!

AND YOU WANT US TO STOP IT! RIGHT?



EXACTLY! OUR COUNTER SPY REPORTS SHOW THAT THIS NEW EXPLOSIVE IS MADE IN A MINE IN LWOW, POLAND.

WE'LL DO IT, SIR! YOU CAN DEPEND ON THAT!

POLAND, EH! WELL! WELL! THAT'S ONE COUNTRY WE HAVEN'T SEEN!

MINUTES LATER-

SO-LONG, OLD GIRL! WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!

MISS LIBERTY IS A GREAT GIRL! THE SYMBOL OF OUR COUNTRY! FREEDOM AND EQUALITY FOR ALL! AND THE CONTINUATION OF THAT SYMBOL, RESTS ON THE SUCCESS OF OUR MISSION!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, OFF THE IRISH COAST!



OH, THE WEARING OF THE GREEN! HEY, TORCH! A NAZI STUKA--

AND HE'S DIVING ON THAT TROOP-SHIP! COME ON! WE'LL DO A LITTLE DIVE BOMBING OURSELVES!

THE PAIR GO INTO A FLAMING DIVE AS THE NAZI PLANE ~ ~

THE BOMB, TORCH! IT'S HEADING FOR THE SHIP!

TAKE CARE OF THAT NAZI! I'LL GET THE BOMB!

THE HUMAN TORCH STREAKS FOR THE BOMB, AND ~ ~

GOT IT! AND JUST IN TIME!

MEANWHILE, TORO IS HAVING HIS FUN!

DIE! DIE! DIE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT ~ ~

YOU'RE GOING TO, DOWN!

BOOM!

AVUUCH!

THE GRATEFUL TROOPS WAVE THEIR THANKS AS THE PAIR ZOOM OVER THE RESCUED VESSEL!

GOOD LUCK, FELLOWS!

I'M WARMING UP FOR THE MAIN BOUT, TORCH! NAZIS! HERE WE COME!

MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE HEART OF AN ABANDONED SALT MINE IN POLAND, GENERAL BLAUHEIM, LUFTWAFFE COMMANDER, LISTENS EAGERLY TO THE EVIL NAZI SCIENTIST VON FLEAGLE!

THE EXPLOSIVE IS READY! DER REST IS UP TO YOU! HA! HA! HOW I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU TO NIGHT! AH! WHAT A SENSATION, KILLING IS!

GOOT! I VILL HAFF THE SHIPS FUELED AND LOADED! ACH! WHAT RUIN WE VILL SPREAD IN AMERIKA! WHAT LIVES WILL BE SNUFFED OUT BY YOUR MASTERPIECE!



IT ISS THE TORCH! QUICK! YOU FOOLS! MAN THE VACUUM MACHINE! STRING THE NETS! HURRY!

THE TORCH? HE VILL SPOIL OUR PLANS! VE MUST KILL HIM!



A HUNDRED MILES TO THE WEST! A NAZI PLANE SPOTTER-



VAS ISS, HANS?

IT ISS THE TWO, VON FLEAGLE WARNED US OF! WE MUST REPORT TO HIM, AT ONCE!



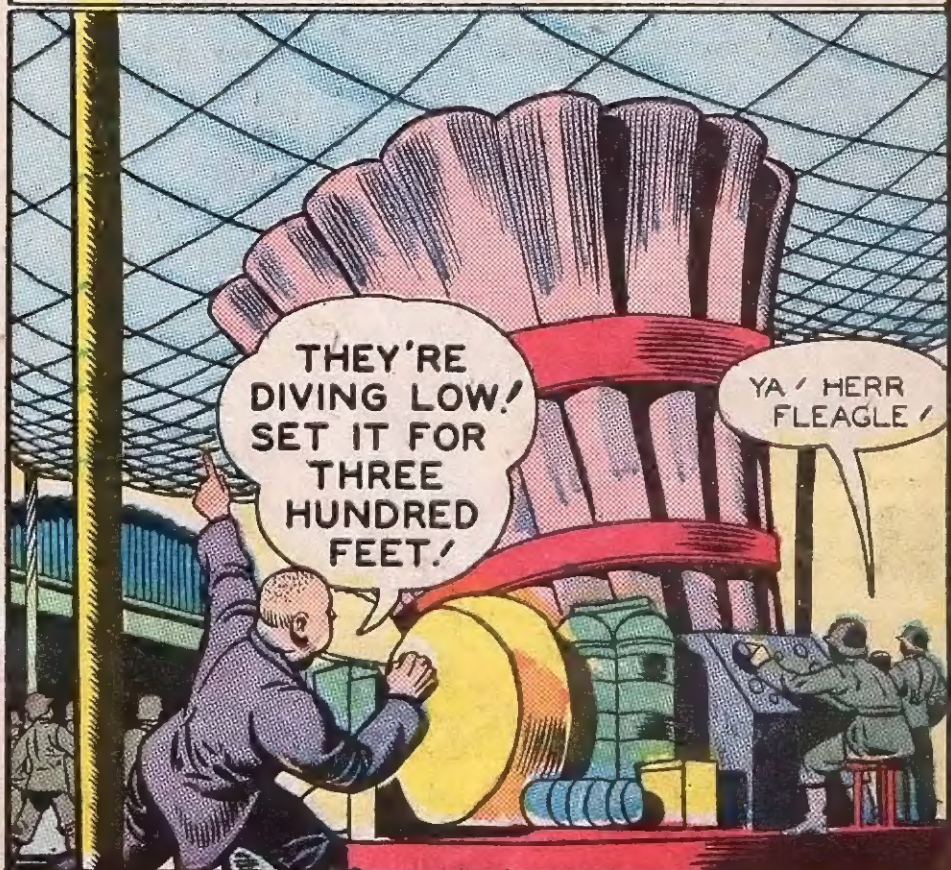
AND A FEW MILES AWAY-----



THERE'S THE AIRPORT, TORCH!

RIGHT! THE MINE ENTRANCE SHOULD BE NEAR IT! WE WILL DIVE LOW AND TRY TO LOCATE IT!

WHILE BELOW THEM, VON FLEAGLE PREPARES TO CLOSE THE JAWS OF THE TRAP!



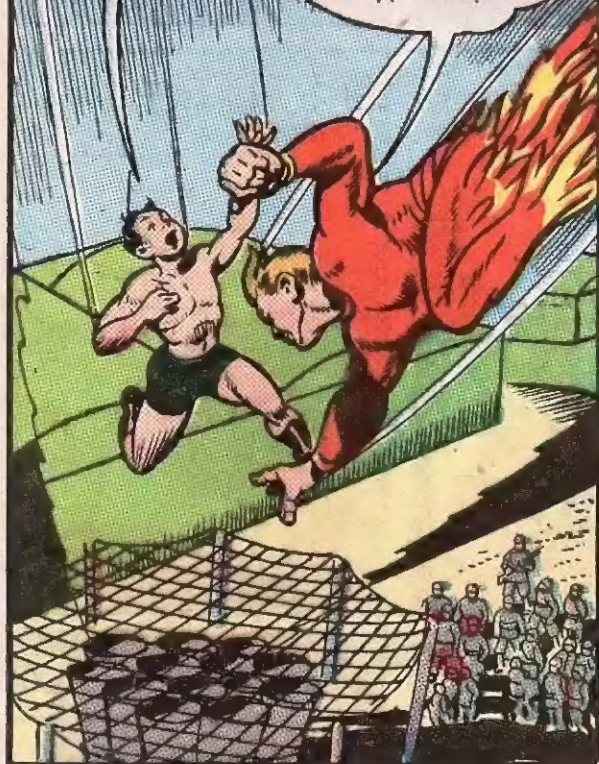
THEY'RE DIVING LOW! SET IT FOR THREE HUNDRED FEET!

YA! HERR FLEAGLE!

THE UN-SUSPECTING DUO,
FLAME INTO THE GIANT
AIR-POCKET THAT THE
HUGE VACUUM MACHINE
HAS CREATED AND THE
PAIR ARE DRAWN EARTH-
WARD UNCONCIOUS ----

TORCH! MY
FLAMES OUT!
I C-CAN'T B-
BREATH--AN
A-A-AIR-POCKET!
I-I-I!----

MAYBE WE
CAN RIDE IT
OUT! A T-TRAP!
G-GOT T-T-TO
F-FLAME ON!
GOT T-TO G-
GET A-A-A-AI-
--R-----!



BUT--

HAH,
THEY ARE
UNCONCIOUS!
WE HAVE
THEM!

QUICK!
TO THE MINE
WITH THEM! THEY
MUST NOT BE ALLOWED
TO RECOVER!

THE HELPLESS PAIR ARE LIFTED
FROM THE NET, AND CARRIED PAST
GEN. BLAUHIEMS AIR-FLEET, TO THE
ENTRANCE OF THE MINE!

NOW TO PLACE
THEM IN THE LITTLE
COFFIN, I HAVE DESIGNED
FOR THEM! THEN WE MAY
GO AHEAD MIT THE PLAN
TO BOMB AMERIKA!

YA! WE LEAVE IN AN
HOUR! THIS TIME
TOMORROW NIGHT
THE VAUNTED YANKEE
WAR INDUSTRIES WILL
BE A BLOODY MESS!



TORCH AND TORO ARE THEN PLACED IN AN AIR-TIGHT, FIRE-
PROOF CHAMBER OF PURE SALT!

THE ONE PIG
IS COMING TO! NOW,
TO SEAL THE DOOR!
HAH! I HAVE LEFT
THEM A LITTLE AIR,
THAT THEY MIGHT
HEAR THE SOUND
OF YOUR PLANES
TAKING OFF TO
BOMB AMERIKA-
BEFORE THEY
DIE!

ACH! WHAT EXQUISITE
IDEAS FOR TORTURE
YOU HAVE, VON
FLEAGLE! YOU
ARE A TRUE
NAZI!





IT ISS DONE! NOW, YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS? WHEN YOU REACH THE AMERICAN COAST, YOU WILL HIDE IN THE CLOUDS UNTIL NIGHT! A GREEN FLARE ISS THE SIGNAL TO ATTACK!

YA! VE ATTACK AT MID-NIGHT! HEIL HITLER!

AND WITHIN THE TOMB, TORCH AND TORO----

DID YOU HEAR THAT, TORCH? THEY ARE ATTACKING TONIGHT! WE'VE FAILED!

DON'T SAY IT! TOO MUCH DEPENDS ON US! WE MUST FIND A WAY OUT! WE MUST-----



BUT VON FLEAGLE HAS BUILT, WITH TRUE NAZI THOROUGHNESS!

NOT A CHANCE, TORCH! IT'S TIGHT AS A DRUM! AND THE OXYGEN WON'T LAST LONG!

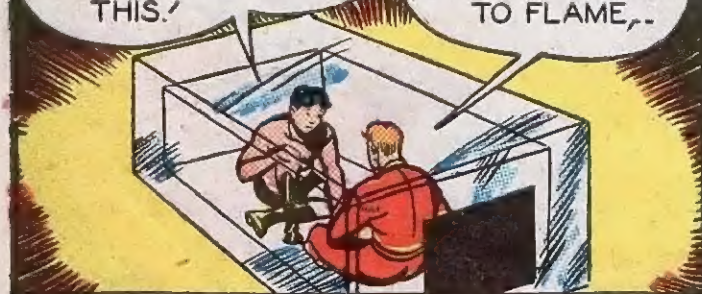
WE'VE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION! WANT TO TRY IT---?



TORCH HITS ON A DARING PLAN----

YOU KNOW ME, TORCH! BUT I CAN'T SEE IT! VON FLEAGLE DIDN'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES WHEN HE BUILT THIS!

HE MADE ONE! HE LEFT US A LITTLE AIR! IF I ALLOW THE END OF ONE FINGER TO FLAME,--



...WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CUT THRU THE DOOR, BEFORE THE AIR IS GONE! IF WE FAIL... WE'RE DONE!



AS THE TINY FLAME, EATS SLOWLY AT THE EIGHT-INCH-THICK STEEL DOOR, TWO LIVES HANG BY A THREAD! FOR IN THAT TINY FLAME, LIES THEIR FATE! CAN IT CUT THRU THE DOOR, BEFORE IT EXHAUSTS THEIR PRECIOUS SUPPLY OF OXYGEN?

HERE WE GO, KID! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

ARE YOU KIDDING? I'VE GOT MY TOES CROSSED, TOO!



MEANWHILE, ON THE AIRPORT OUTSIDE THE MINE-----

IT HAS BEEN A
GOOT DAY, GENERAL!
AGAIN IT HAS BEEN
SHOWN, VE NAZI'S ARE
TOO SMART FOR THE
YANKEE SWINE!

VE SHALL
BE CONGRATULATED
BY DER FUEHRER,
HIMSELF! VASS
ISS?

DER SHIPS
ARE READY!



THE NAZI BOMBERS
TAKE TO THE AIR
WITH THEIR LETHAL
LOADS

AND AT THE SAME
MOMENT, TORCH
RACES GRIMLY
AGAINST TIME!

OXYGEN NEARLY
EXHAUSTED! ----
LUNGS POUNDING
FROM THE TERRIBLE
STRAIN, TORCH
WORKS FRANTICALLY!

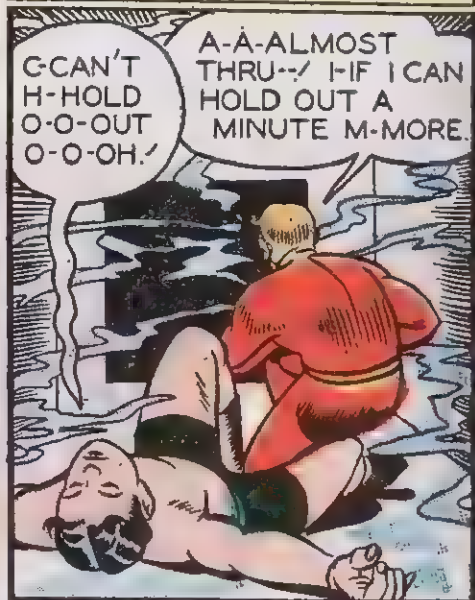


KILL!
THE YANKEE PIGS!
KILL! KILL! KILL!



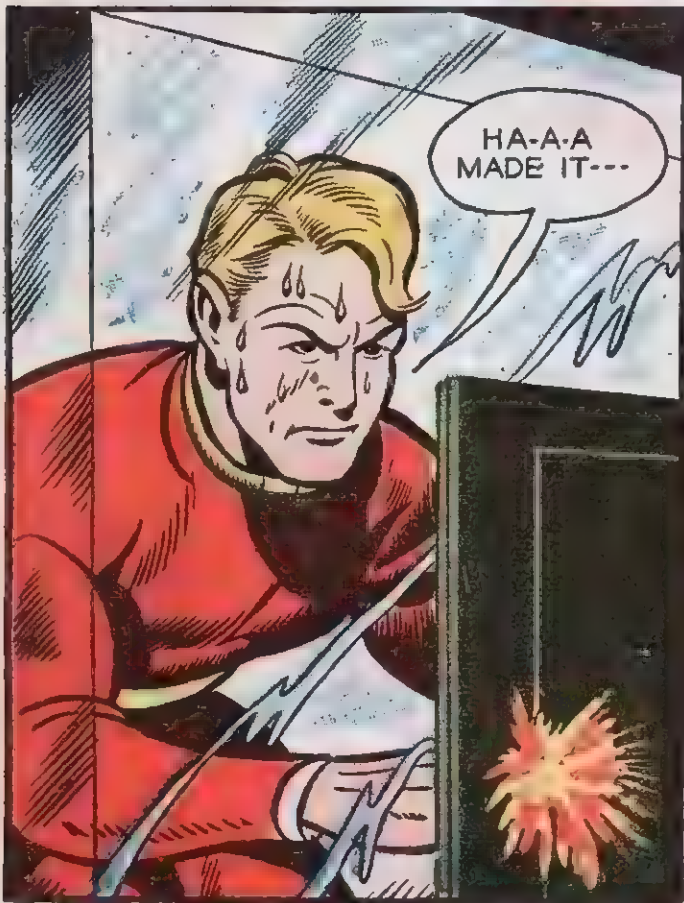
MOTORS!!
THAT'S BLAUHEIM'S
FLEET TAKING OFF!
'WE'VE GOT TO
HURRY

HURRY!
I CAN'T
BREATH!



G-CAN'T
H-HOLD
O-O-OUT
O-O-OH!

A-A-ALMOST
THRU--! I-IF I CAN
HOLD OUT A
MINUTE M-MORE.



HA-A-A
MADE IT---

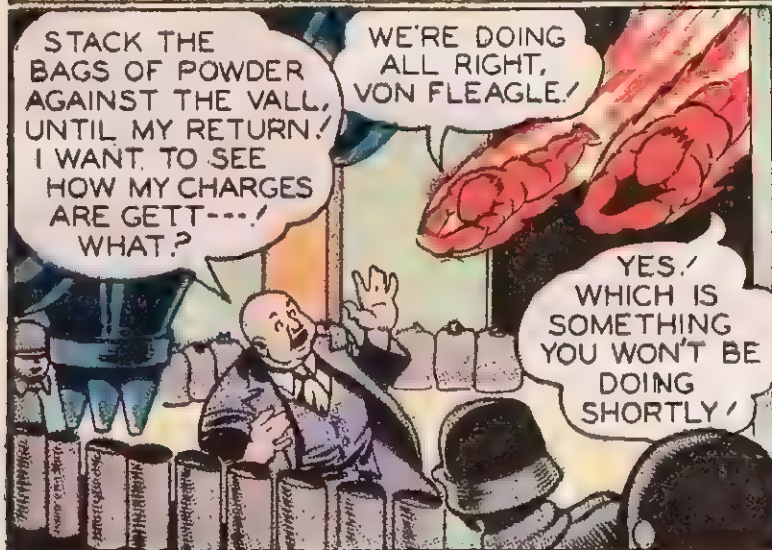
THE AIR, LEAKING THRU THE
HOLE QUICKLY REVIVES THE
PAIR AND---



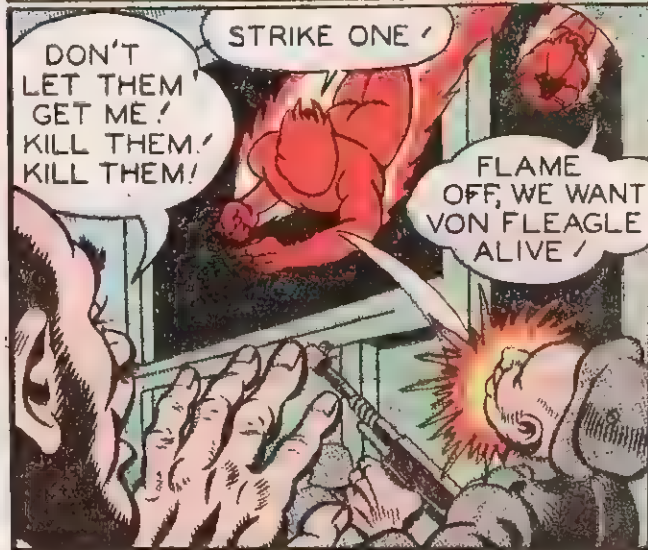
COME-ON,
KID! WE'RE OUT
TO GET
VON FLEAGLE!

AM I
GOING TO SINGE
THAT MONKEY!

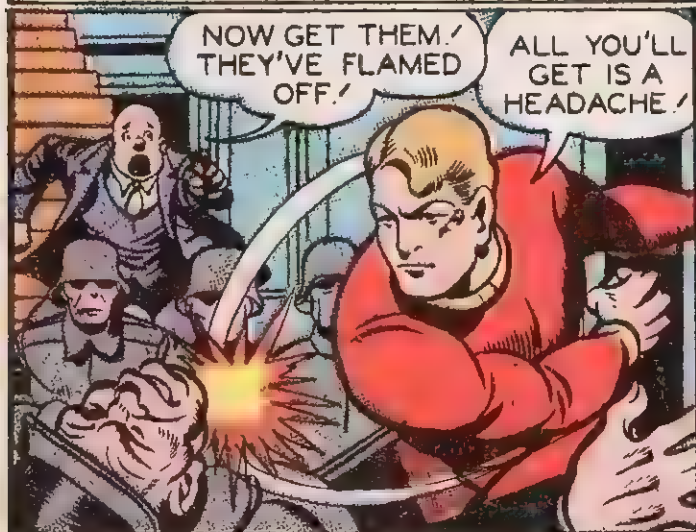
WHILE VON FLEAGLE, UNAWARE OF TORCH AND TORO'S ESCAPE.



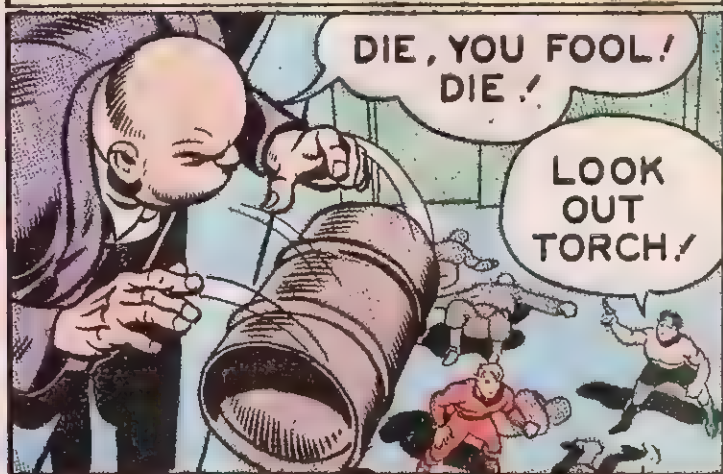
BUT VON FLEAGLE, LIKE ALL NAZIS IS A COWARD...



BUT THE NAZI TROOPS FORM A BARRIER TO VON FLEAGLE!



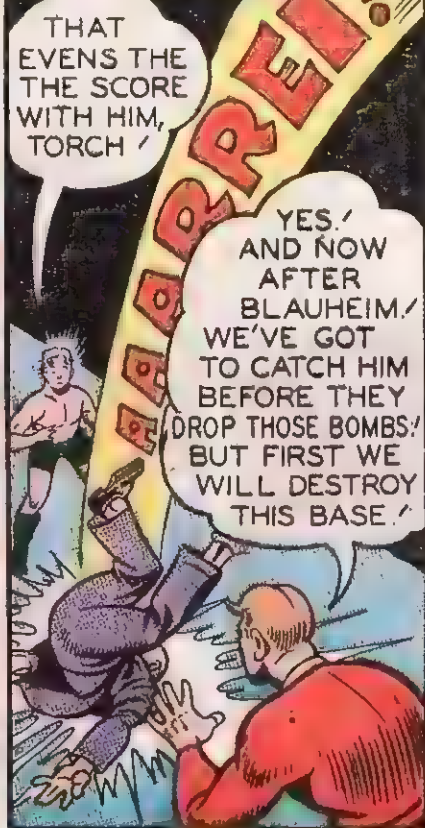
MEANWHILE, VON FLEAGLE, HIS MEN CUT DOWN BY THE BATTLING DUO, DRAWS ONE LAST CARD...



TORO SPRINGS INTO QUICK ACTION WITH A FIREBALL AS VON FLEAGLE.....



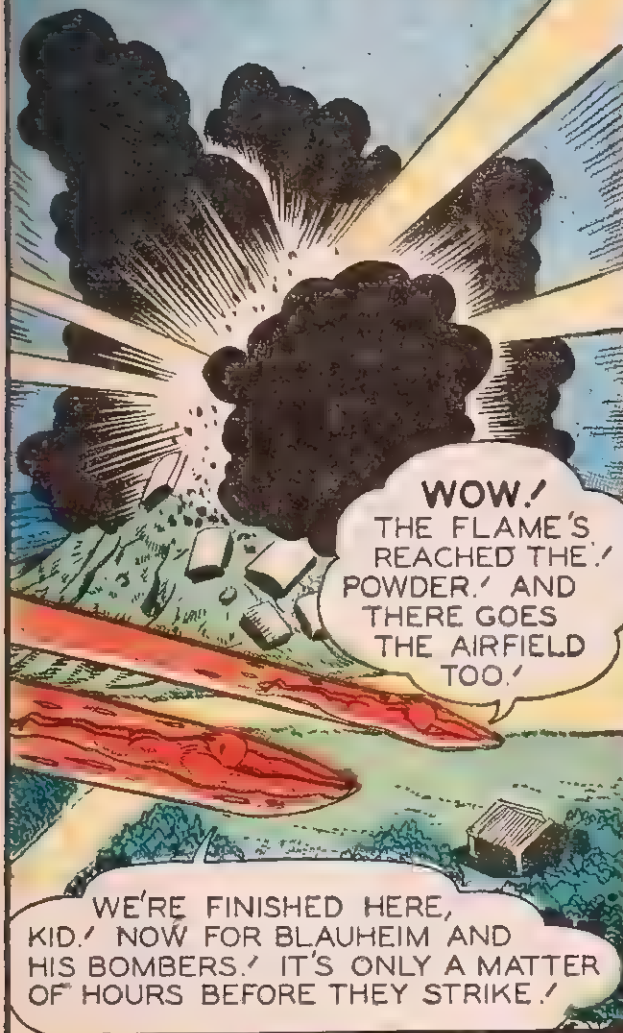
LOSES.....



TORCH TOSSES A FLAMING FIREBALL INTO A PILE OF WASTE AND--



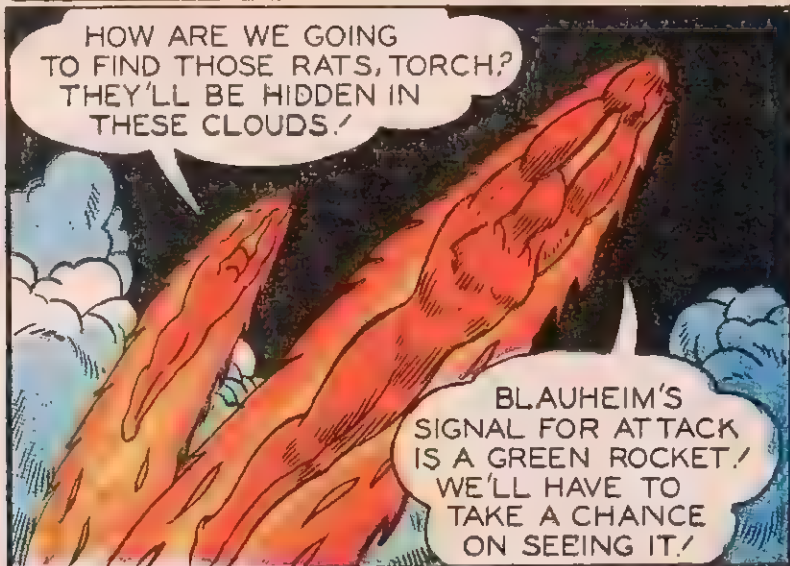
SECONDS LATER.



WOW!
THE FLAME'S
REACHED THE
POWDER! AND
THERE GOES
THE AIRFIELD
TOO!

WE'RE FINISHED HERE,
KID! NOW FOR BLAUHEIM AND
HIS BOMBERS! IT'S ONLY A MATTER
OF HOURS BEFORE THEY STRIKE!

LATER, OFF THE AMERICAN COAST.



HOW ARE WE GOING
TO FIND THOSE RATS, TORCH?
THEY'LL BE HIDDEN IN
THESE CLOUDS!

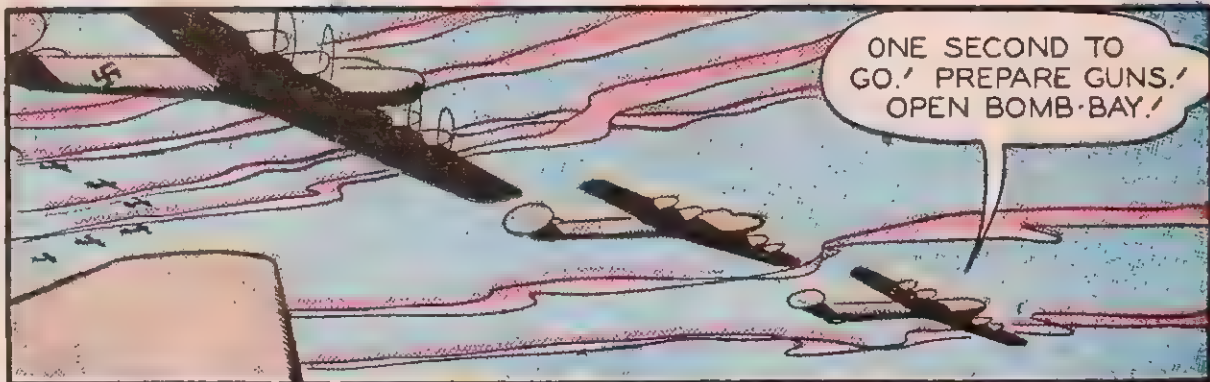
BLAUHEIM'S
SIGNAL FOR ATTACK
IS A GREEN ROCKET!
WE'LL HAVE TO
TAKE A CHANCE
ON SEEING IT!



WHY A ROCKET? WHY DON'T
THEY USE RADIO?

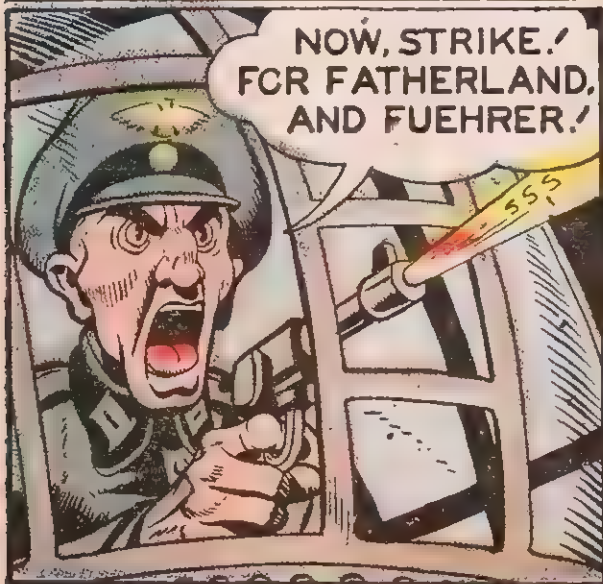
IT WOULD
GIVE THEIR POSITION
AWAY TO AMERICAN
LISTENING POSTS, LET'S
GET ABOVE THESE CLOUDS!
MAYBE WE CAN SPOT
THEM!

AND
HIDDEN
IN
THE
CLOUDS
NOT
FAR
AWAY--



ONE SECOND TO
GO! PREPARE GUNS!
OPEN BOMB-BAY!

THE TIME IS ZERO HOUR!
BLAUHEIM GIVES THE
SIGNAL TO ATTACK!



NOW, STRIKE!
FOR FATHERLAND,
AND FUEHRER!

BUT



IT'S TIME,
AND I DON'T
SEE A---

THAT'S
THEIR SIGNAL
NO TIME TO
LOSE!



AND

THEY'RE
BELOW
US!
LET'S
GET
THEM!

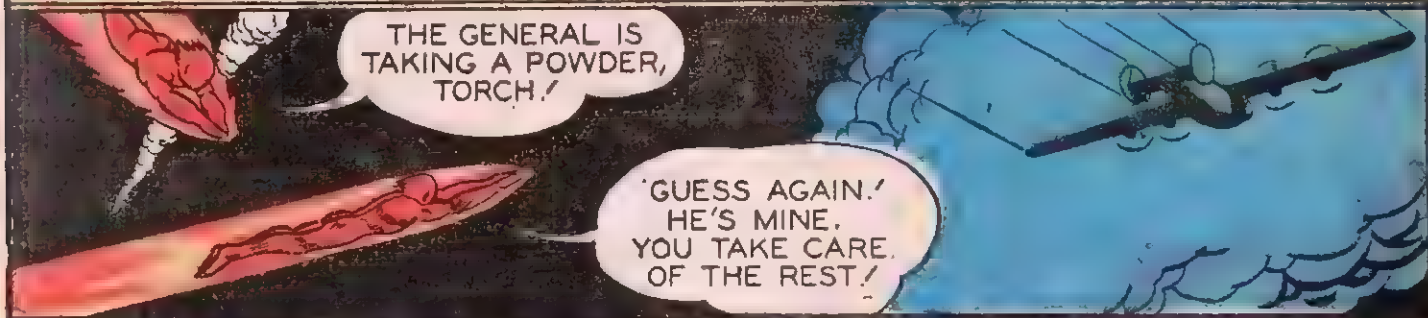
LIKE TWO FLAMING THUNDERBOLTS, THE
PAIR BURST UPON THE NAZI BOMBING
FLEET. AND IN THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE
FLEET GEN BLAUHEIM



**THOSE YANKEE
SWINE!**

IN MINUTES THEY HAVE
DESTROYED WHAT TOOK
US MONTHS TO PLAN!
BUT ALL IS NOT LOST!
IF I CAN GET AWAY

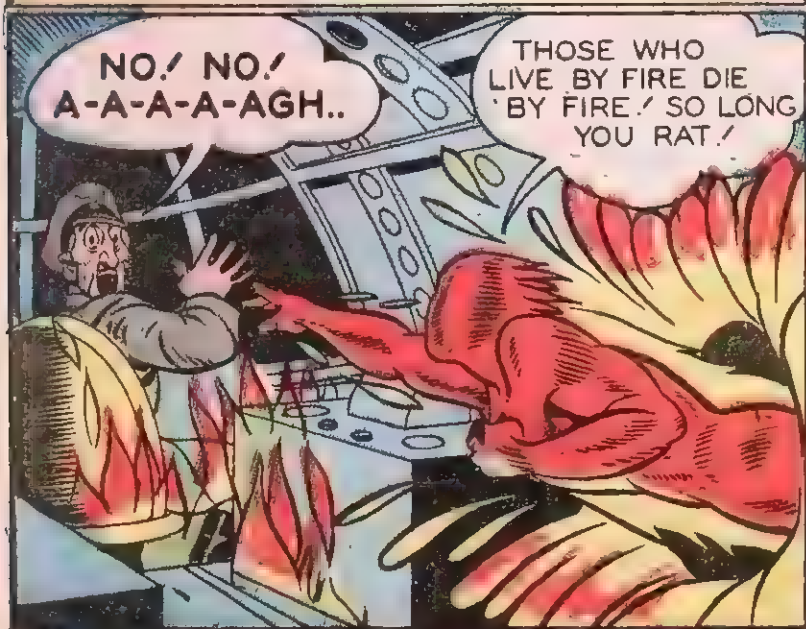
AS THE GIANT SHIP, WITH BLAUHEIM AT THE CONTROLS,
WINGS ITS WAY FOR A CLOUD BANK, TORCH...



THE GENERAL IS
TAKING A POWDER,
TORCH!

'GUESS AGAIN.'
HE'S MINE.
YOU TAKE CARE
OF THE REST!

THE GENERAL MEETS A GRIM, BUT
JUST, FATE!



NO! NO!
A-A-A-A-AGH..

THOSE WHO
LIVE BY FIRE DIE
'BY FIRE.' SO LONG
YOU RAT!

SOON AFTER, IN THE
OFFICE OF COL CORKY,
CHIEF OF G-2

YOUR
COUNTRY CAN
NEVER REPAY
YOU FOR THE
DANGEROUS
TASK YOU HAVE
PERFORMED!
ALL I CAN SAY
IS
THANK YOU!

I'M SURE NO MAN
CAN ASK MORE THAN
TO LIVE UNDER A
FREE FLAG, IN A
FREE COUNTRY!

YOU
CAN
SAY
THAT,
AGAIN!

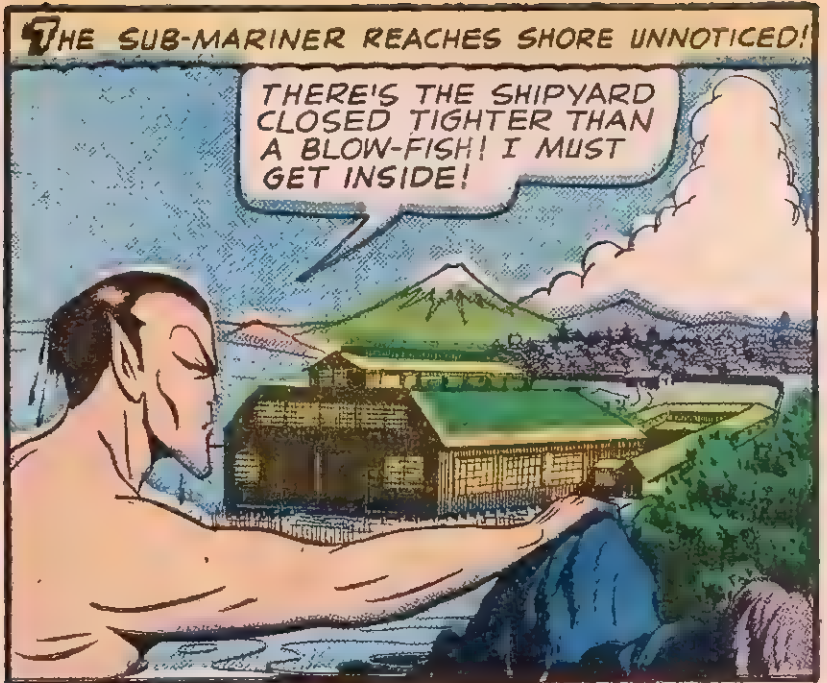
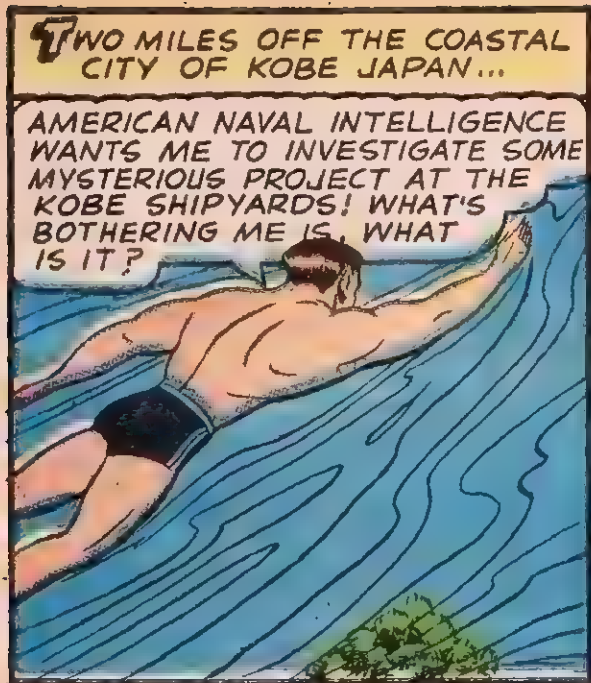


SUB-MARINER

A SUPER-MYSTERY MASKED
A SUPER-WEAPON THAT WOULD
SPELL DOOM FOR THE UNITED
STATES' FLEET UNLESS THE
SUB-MARINER CAN DESTROY
THIS WEAPON...

**OCTOPUS
OF THE
PACIFIC!**





ADDING A LITTLE WATER COLOR TO HIS SKIN, SUB-MARINER HAS NO TROUBLE GAINING ADMITTANCE!

GOOD! I PASSED WITHOUT SUSPICION! NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS MYSTERY IS ALL ABOUT!

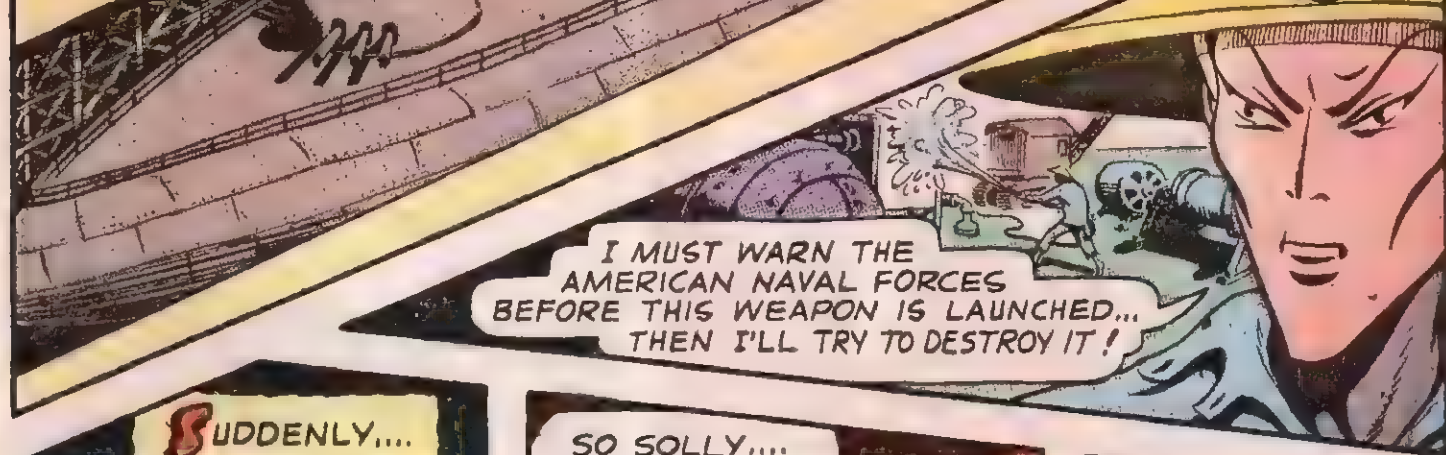


INSIDE, NAMOR GASPS AS HE VIEWS THE SECRET JAPANESE NAVAL PROJECT!

HOLY 'HADDOCK! A SUPER-SUB BATTLESHIP! IT MUST BE OVER A THOUSAND FEET LONG!



I MUST WARN THE AMERICAN NAVAL FORCES BEFORE THIS WEAPON IS LAUNCHED... THEN I'LL TRY TO DESTROY IT!



SUDDENLY....

WATCH OUT!

HEY, MY MAKEUP!



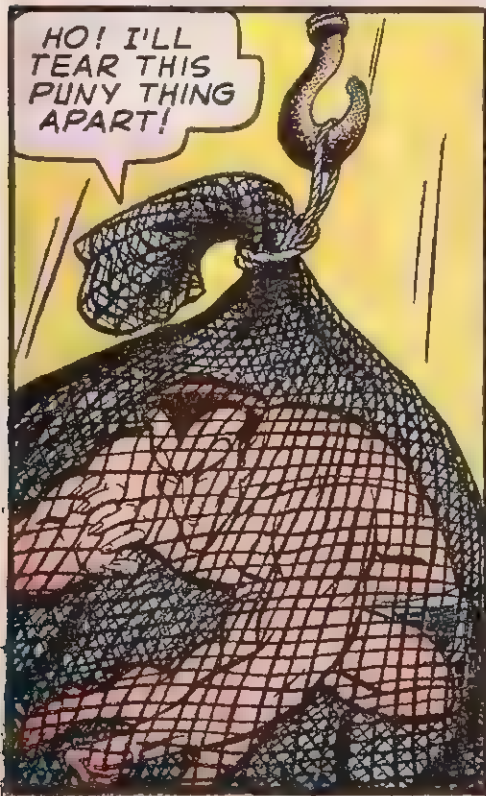
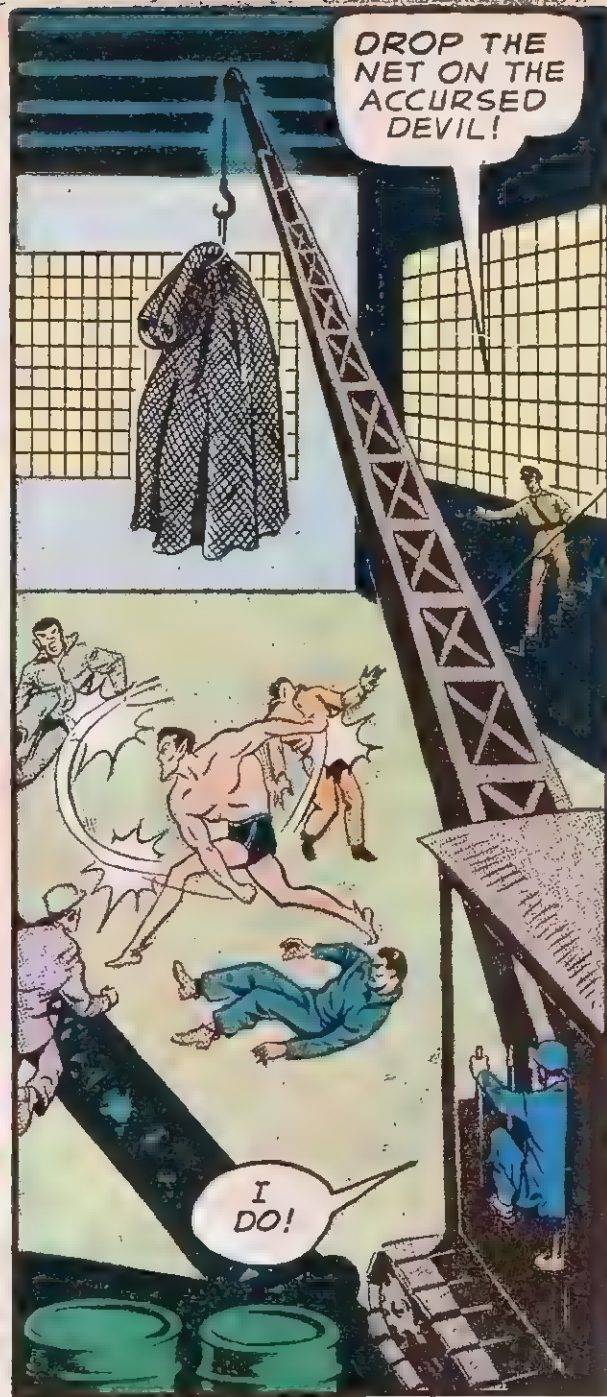
SO SOLLY....
OHHH! ...IT'S
SUB-MARINER!

DARN FOOL!



HELP!!
SUB-MARINER!
HE'S HERE!





SOMETIME LATER...SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC...

NO SIGN OF THE JAPANESE FLEET, YET, COMMANDER?

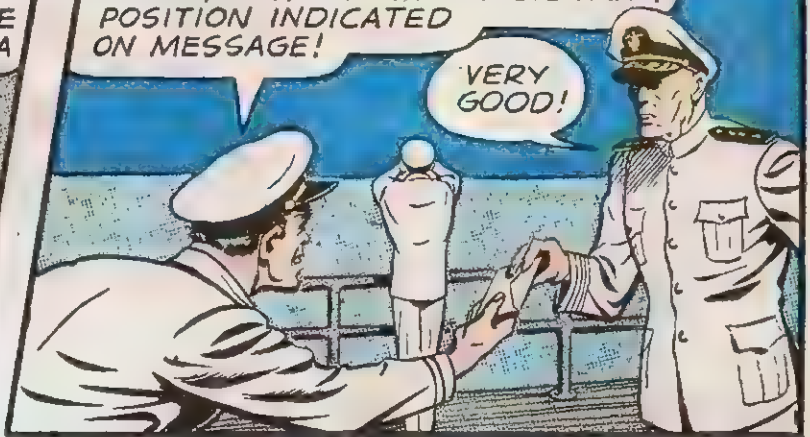
NOT YET, ADMIRAL! ...HOWEVER, OUR SCOUT PLANES ARE SOARING THIS AREA THOROUGHLY...



A MESSAGE FROM THE RADIO ROOM....

MESSAGE FROM OUR OBSERVATION PLANE, SIR! JAP FLEET SIGHTED! POSITION INDICATED ON MESSAGE!

VERY GOOD!



FULL SPEED AHEAD! ALL MEN AT BATTLE STATIONS... PROCEED TO ENGAGE ENEMY!



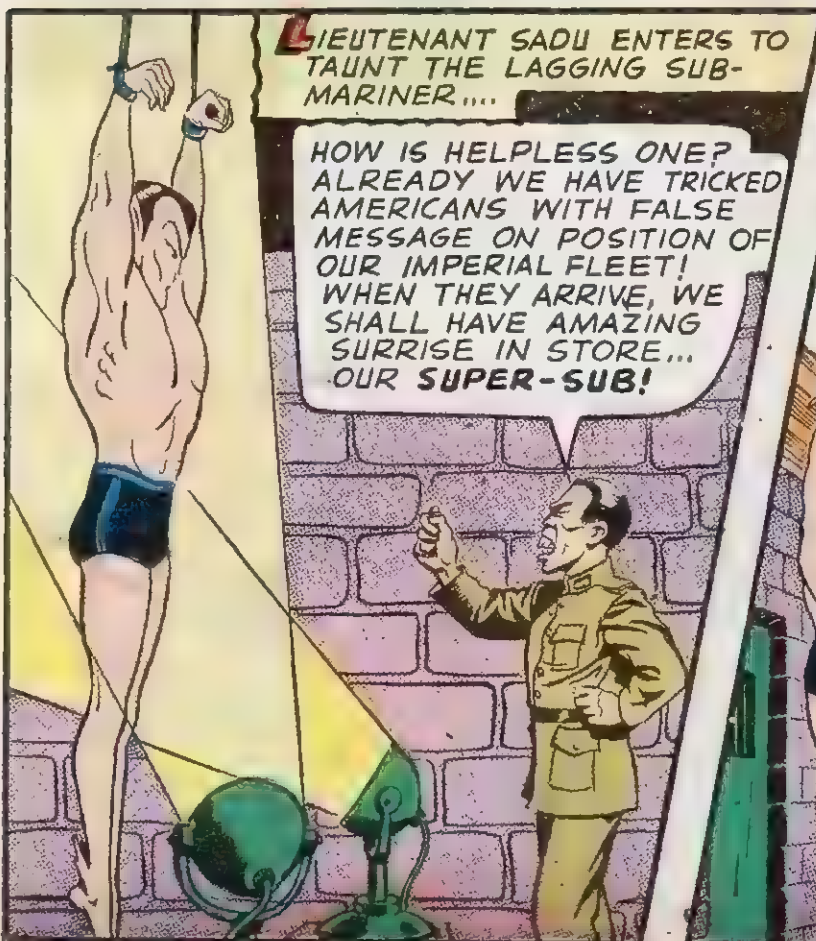
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, PRINCE NAMOR IS GOING THROUGH A TERRIFYING ORDEAL...

WHAT A FOOL I WAS... NOW THEY'RE BAKING THE MOISTURE OUT OF MY BODY...! I W-WON'T HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH TO CRAWL! OHHH!



LIEUTENANT SADU ENTERS TO TAUNT THE LAGGING SUB-MARINER....

HOW IS HELPLESS ONE? ALREADY WE HAVE TRICKED AMERICANS WITH FALSE MESSAGE ON POSITION OF OUR IMPERIAL FLEET! WHEN THEY ARRIVE, WE SHALL HAVE AMAZING SURPRISE IN STORE... OUR **SUPER-SUB!**



BUT PRINCE NAMOR DOES NOT ANSWER!

HO! HE HAS SUCCEMPTED TO THE HEAT... TAKE HIM DOWN... PUT HIM IN A WATERTIGHT CELL...!

YES, HONORABLE ONE!





HE IS A VERY HEAVY ONE!

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH THE EXECUTION, HE WON'T WEIGH ANYTHING

OH.... OH.... WATER... WATER, IF I CAN ONLY...



USING THE LAST BIT OF HIS STRENGTH, NAMOR MAKES A SUCCESSFUL BREAK FOR WATER!



AH! I FEEL MY STRENGTH PUSHING BACK ANEW!

BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!



TRY BLOWING SOME STEAM OFF!

POW!

CRACK!

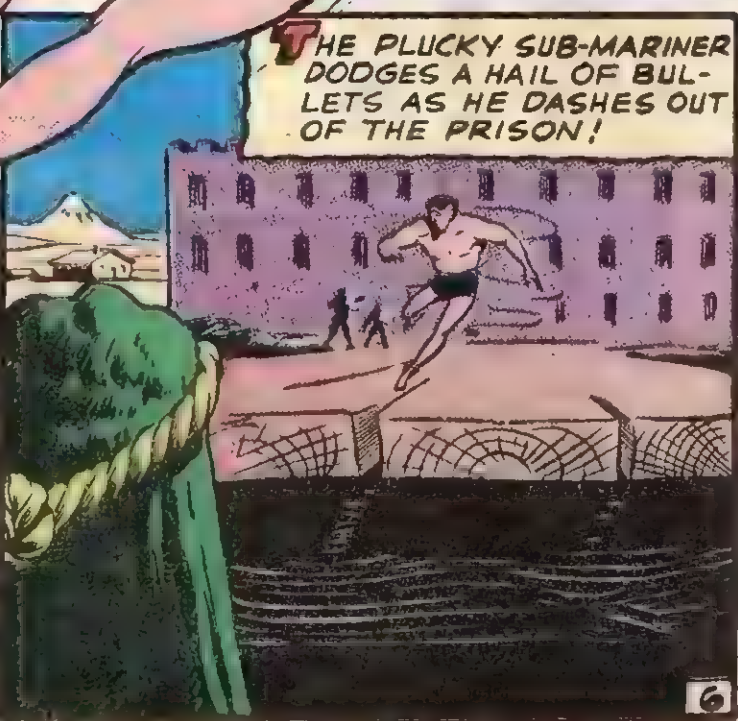


CLOSE THE GATE OR HE'LL ESCAPE!

YIPES! THIS IS WORSE THAN TRYING TO MAKE A TRAIN!



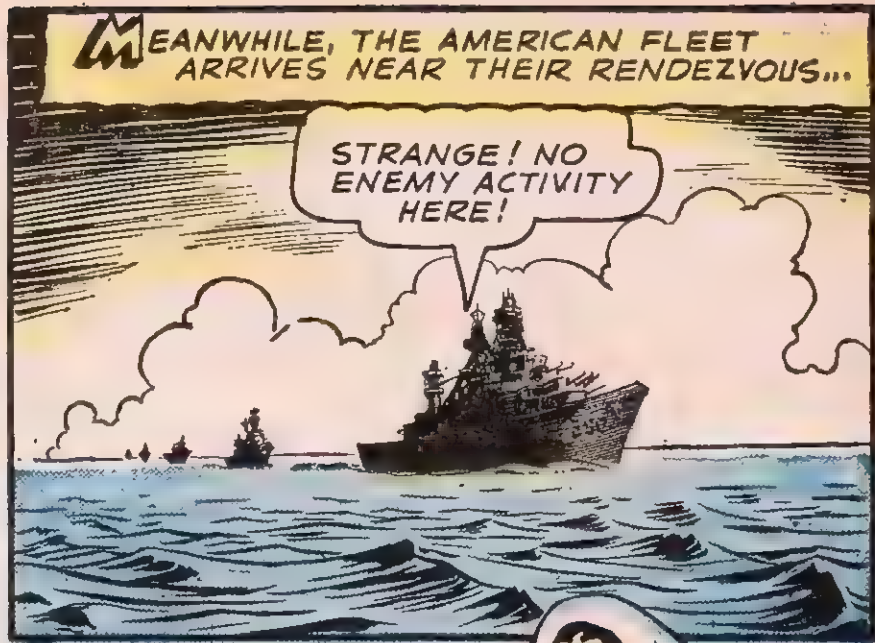
IRON BARS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE!



THE PLUCKY SUB-MARINER DODGES A HAIL OF BULLETS AS HE DASHES OUT OF THE PRISON!



SO LONG,
YOU
SONS OF
HIROHITO!



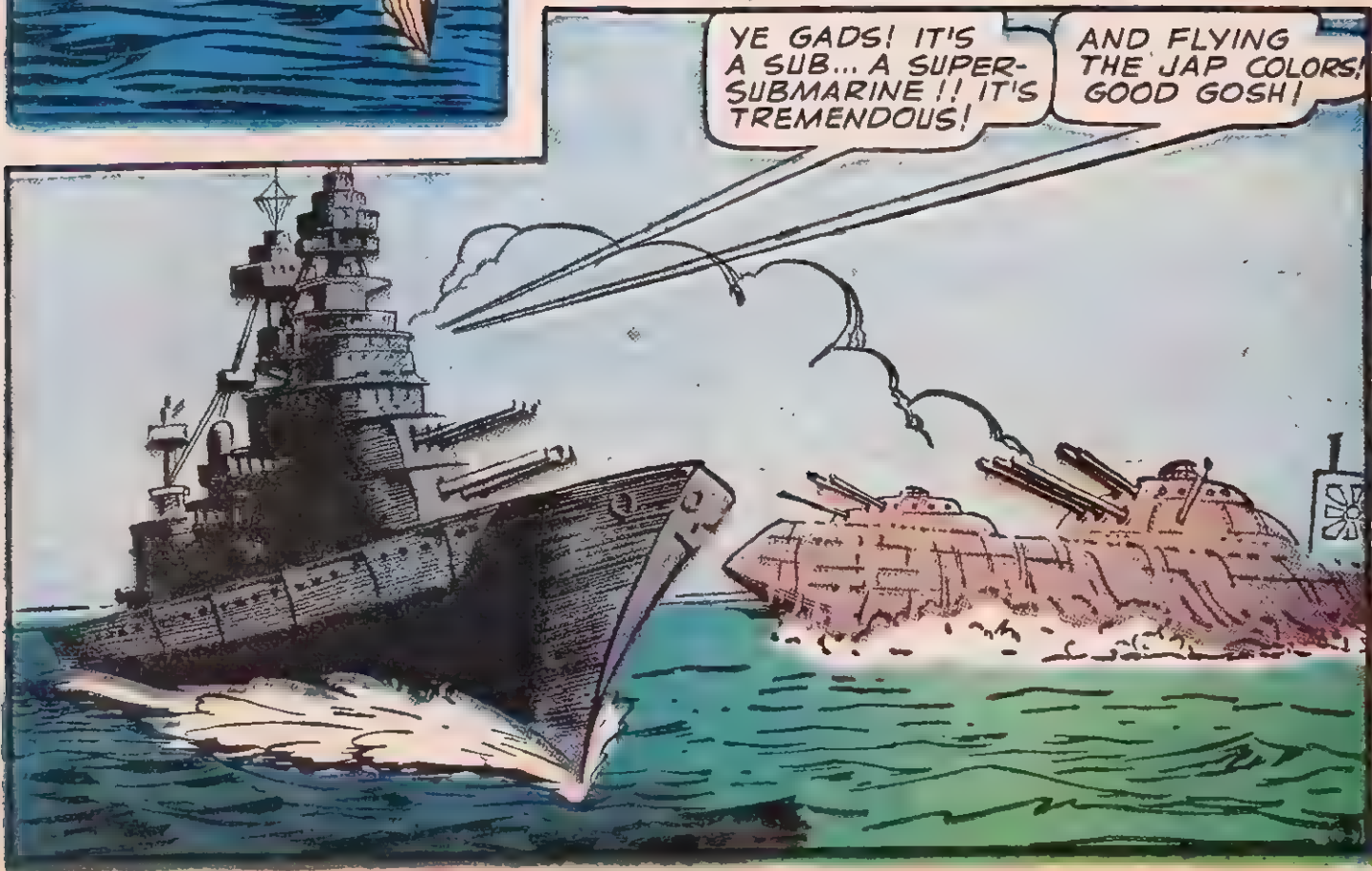
STRANGE! NO
ENEMY ACTIVITY
HERE!



AND ABOARD THE
FLAGSHIP...

I'M AFRAID THAT
REPORT WAS INCORRECT!

NO!
WAIT....



YE GADS! IT'S
A SUB... A SUPER-
SUBMARINE !! IT'S
TREMENDOUS!

AND FLYING
THE JAP COLORS!
GOOD GOSH!

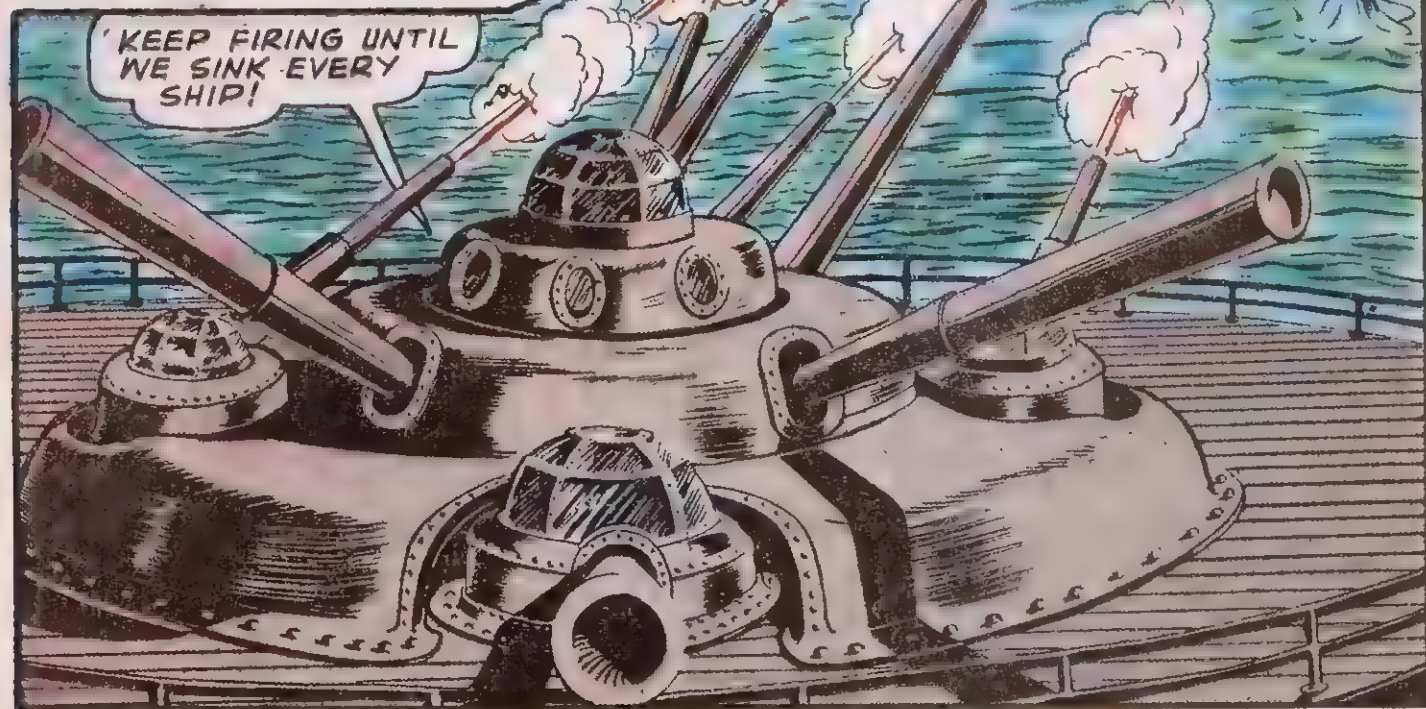
WITHOUT WASTING A SECOND, ADMIRAL FOOTSU GIVES THE ORDER.....

OPEN FIRE WITH ALL GUNS!
AND BLAST THE ACCURSED
AMERICANS OUT OF THE
WATER!



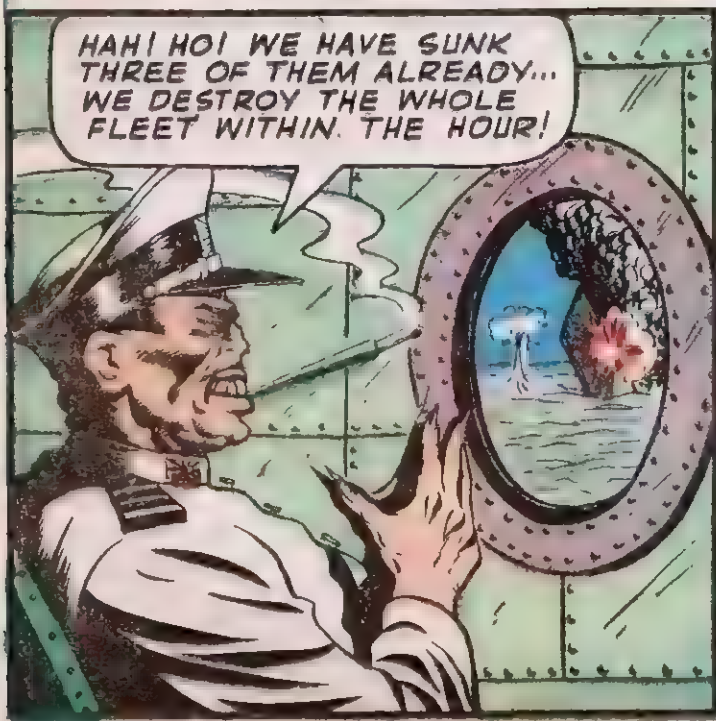
FROM ONE OF ITS TURRETS, FIFTY TONS OF STEEL AND EXPLOSIVES ARE HURLED FORTH ON THE FIRST SALVO AND SEVERAL AMERICAN UNITS ARE CAUGHT IN THE RESULTING INFERNO!

WE CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE OF THIS!
OUR GUNS SEEM TO
HAVE NO EFFECT ON
THEIR SUB!



'KEEP FIRING UNTIL
WE SINK EVERY
SHIP!

HAH! HOI WE HAVE SUNK
THREE OF THEM ALREADY...
WE DESTROY THE WHOLE
FLEET WITHIN THE HOUR!



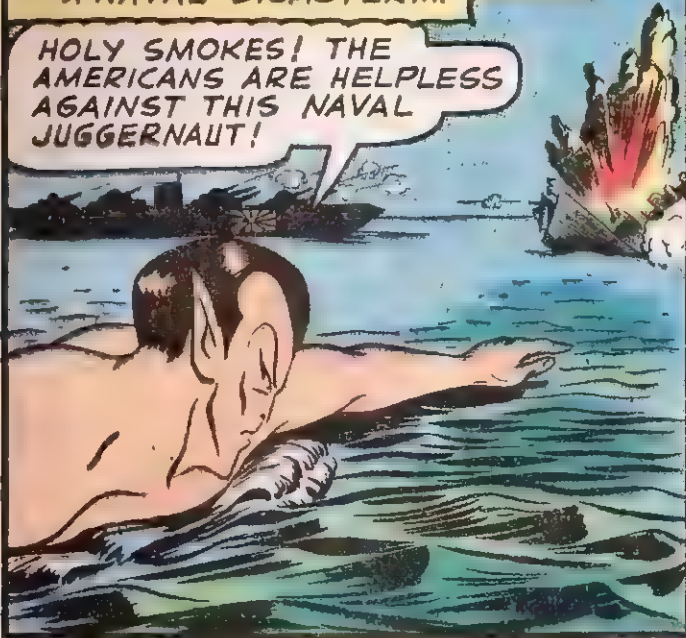
HOWEVER, AT THIS MOMENT, NOT MANY MILES AWAY, PRINCE NAMOR STREAKS THROUGH THE PACIFIC WATERS



GOOD GRIEF! THE
AMERICAN FLEET
MUST BE IN THE
TRAP! I HEAR GUN-
FIRE! OUT OF MY
WAY, FISH!

**THE SEA PRINCE COMES UPON
A NAVAL DISASTER...**

HOLY SMOKES! THE
AMERICANS ARE HELPLESS
AGAINST THIS NAVAL
JUGGERNAUT!



**THE AMERICAN ADMIRAL MAKES A
DECISION...**

IT'S SHEER SUICIDE
TO STAY HERE... OUR SHELLS
CANNOT PIERCE THEIR
ARMOUR... SUMMON A
DISENGAGEMENT FROM
THE ENEMY! WE MUST
WITHDRAW!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!

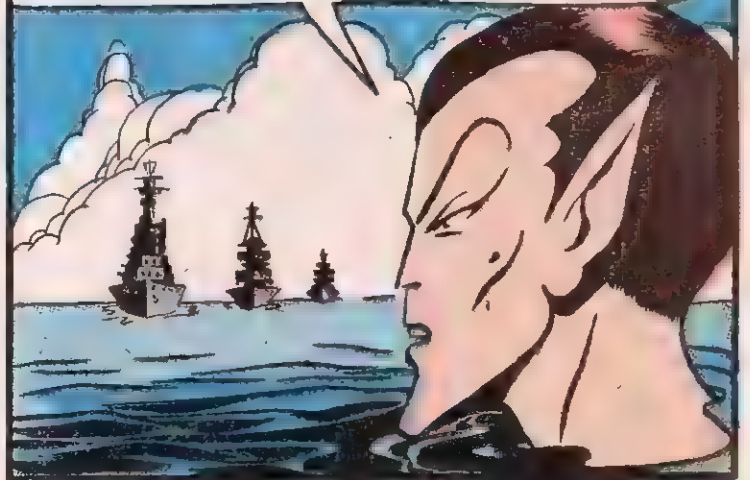


INFIDELS!... COWARDS!
THEY WITHDRAW... WE
CAN NOT PURSUE THEM...
SUPER-SUB WAS NOT
BUILT FOR SPEED... HAW!
BUT WE RULE PACIFIC
FROM NOW ON!

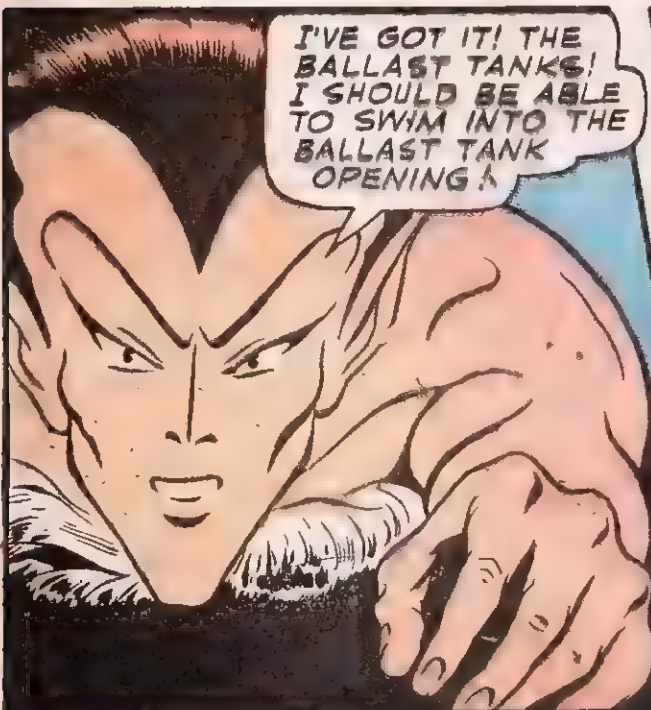


AND PRINCE NAMOR...

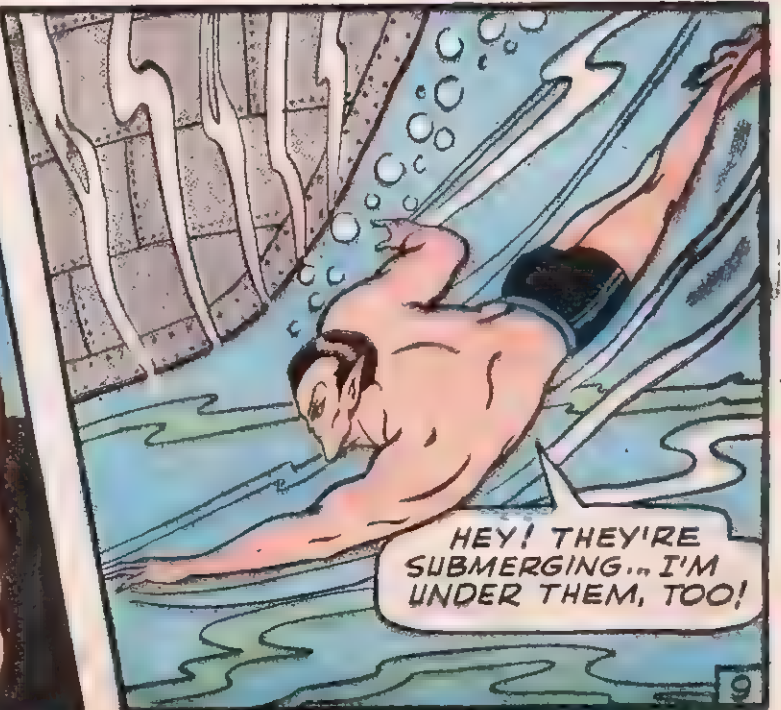
AH! THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE THE
SENSIBLE THING... THEY'RE WITHDRAW-
ING... THAT OUGHT TO GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO DO SOMETHING UNHAMPERED! BUT
HOW WILL I GET INSIDE THIS TUB?

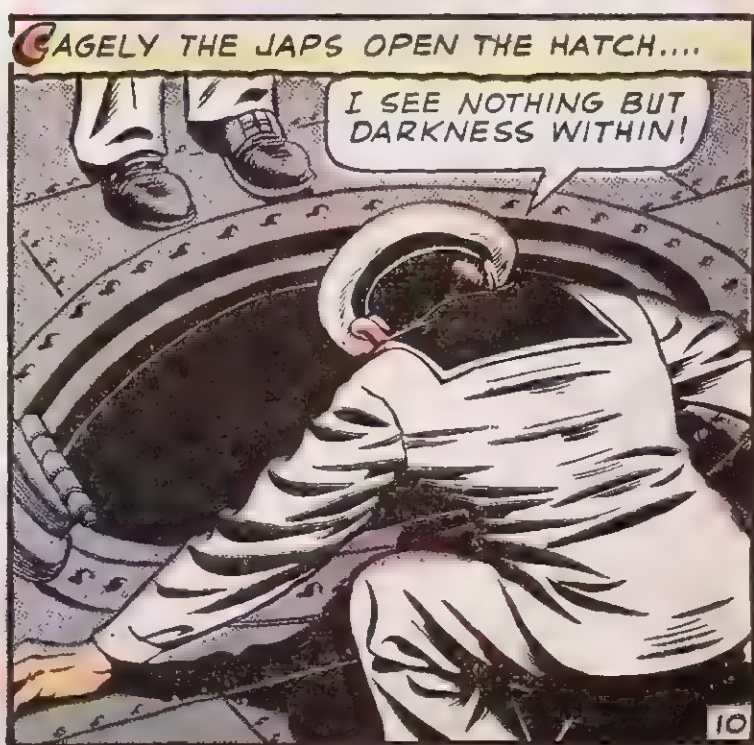
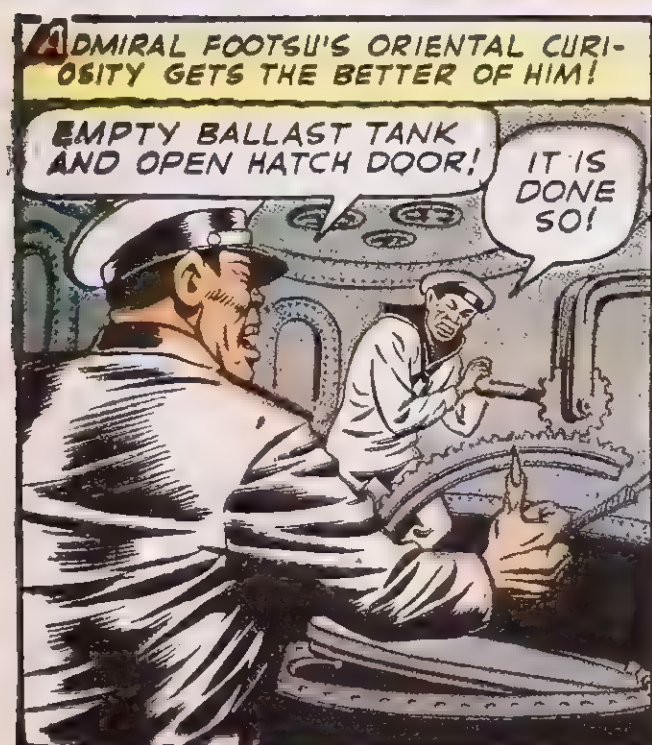
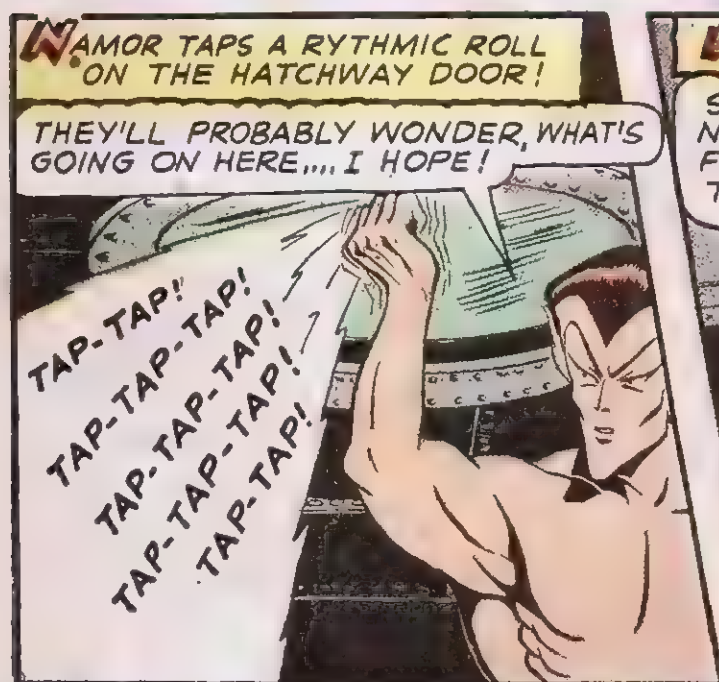
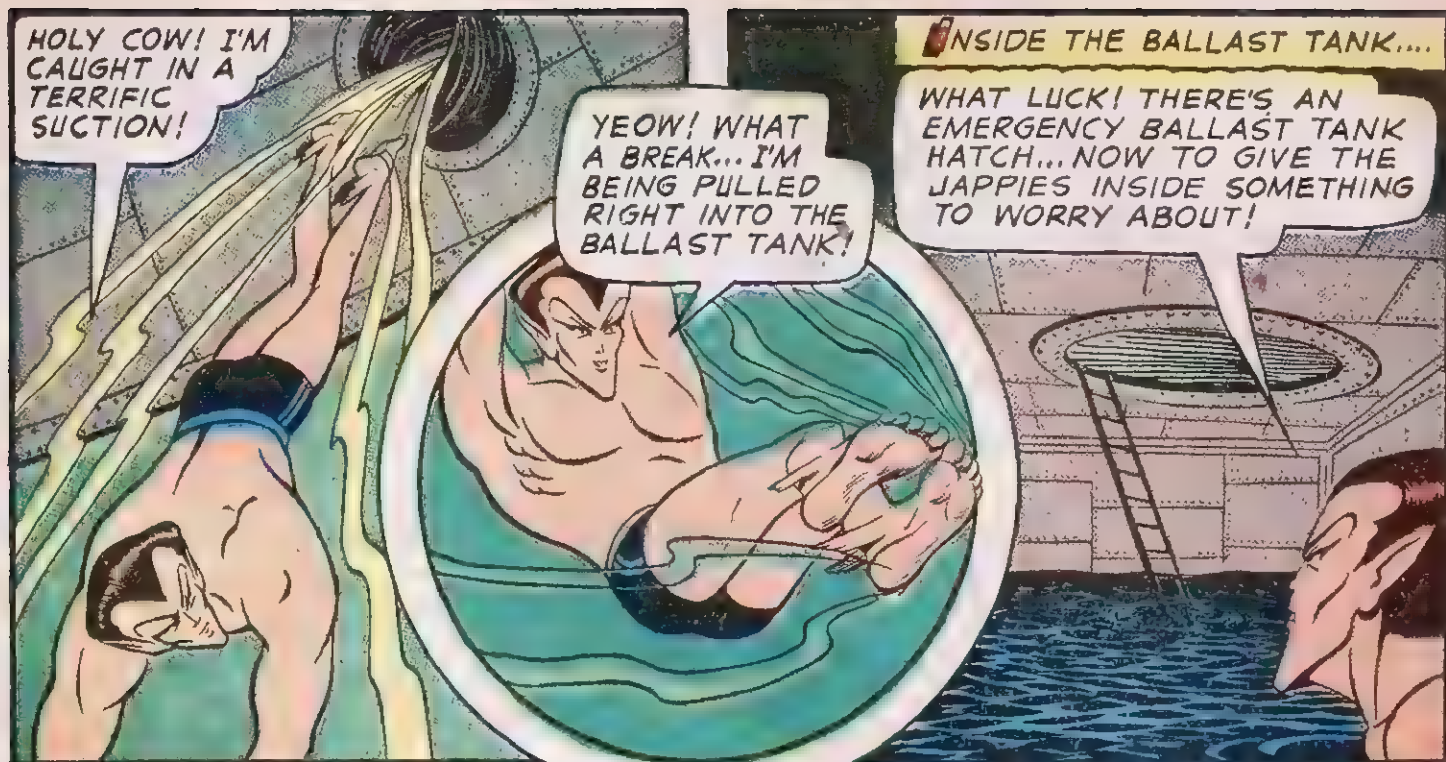


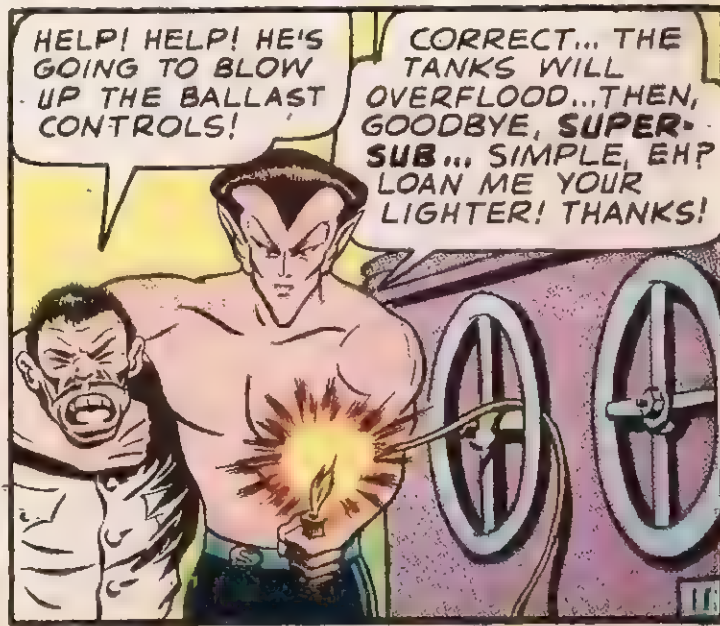
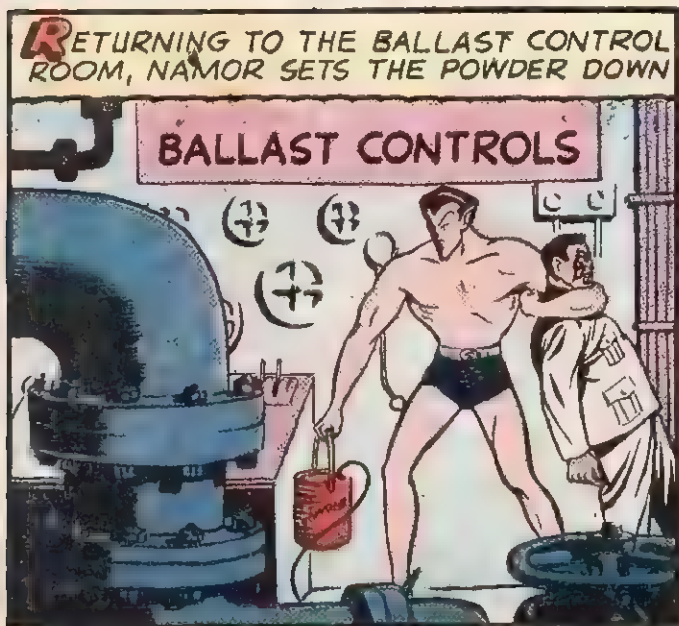
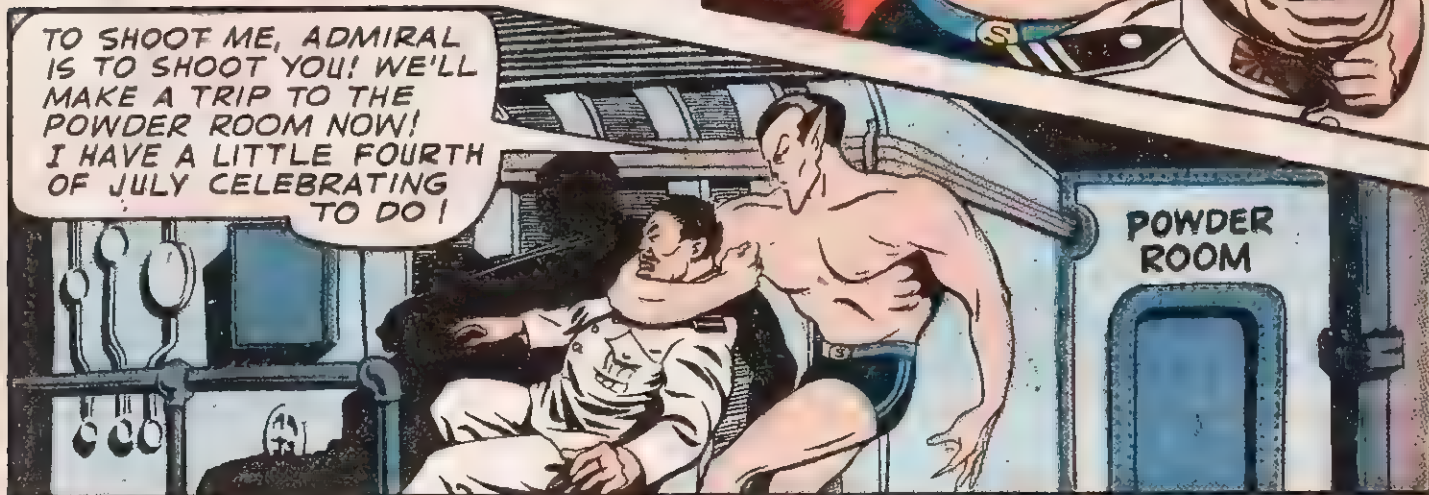
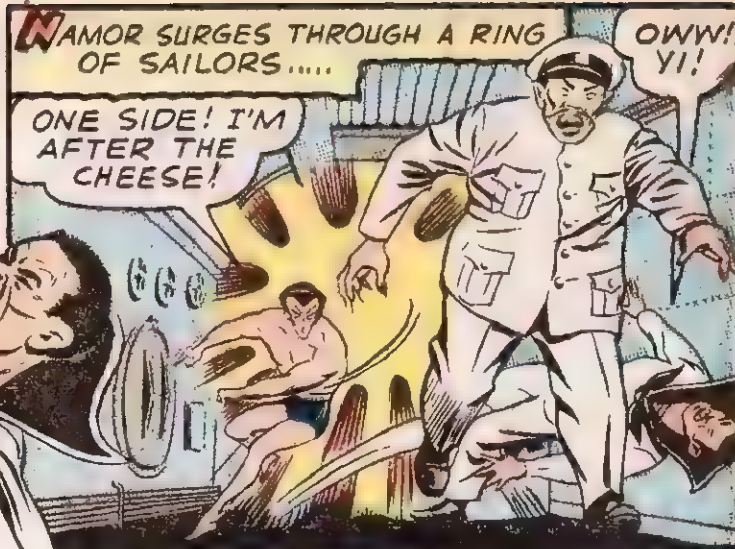
I'VE GOT IT! THE
BALLAST TANKS!
I SHOULD BE ABLE
TO SWIM INTO THE
BALLAST TANK
OPENING!



HEY! THEY'RE
SUBMERGING... I'M
UNDER THEM, TOO!



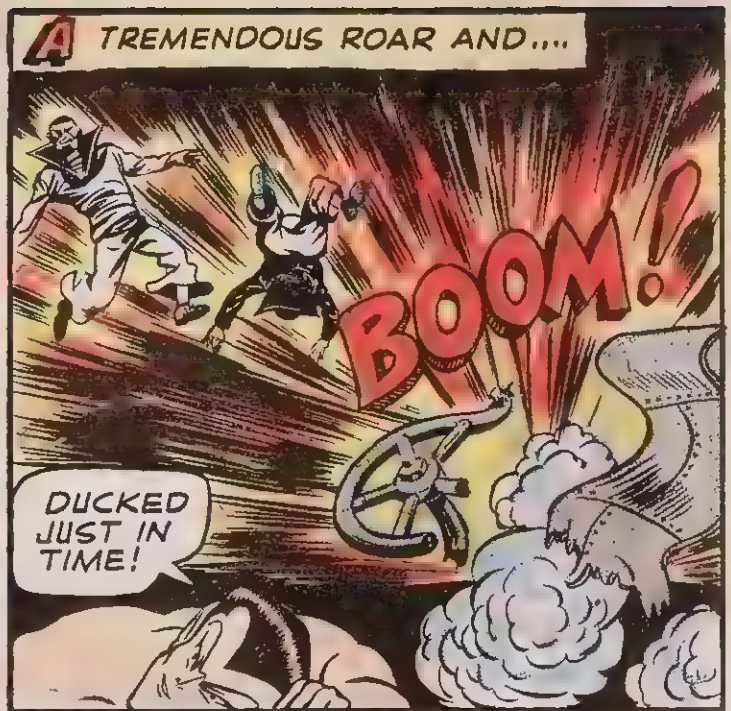






KILL HIM!
HE'S MAD!

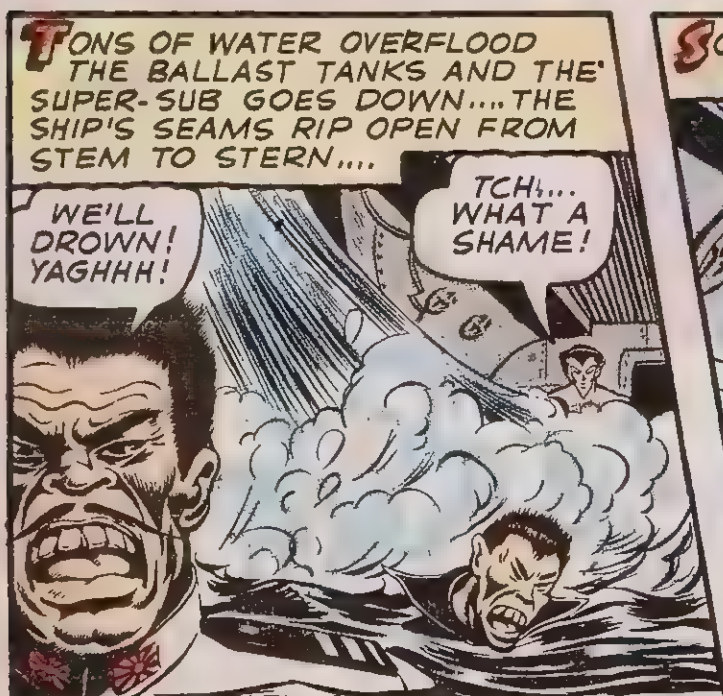
TOO LATE, ADMIRAL,
SHE'S GOING TO
BLOW UP... DUCK!



A TREMENDOUS ROAR AND...

DUCKED
JUST IN
TIME!

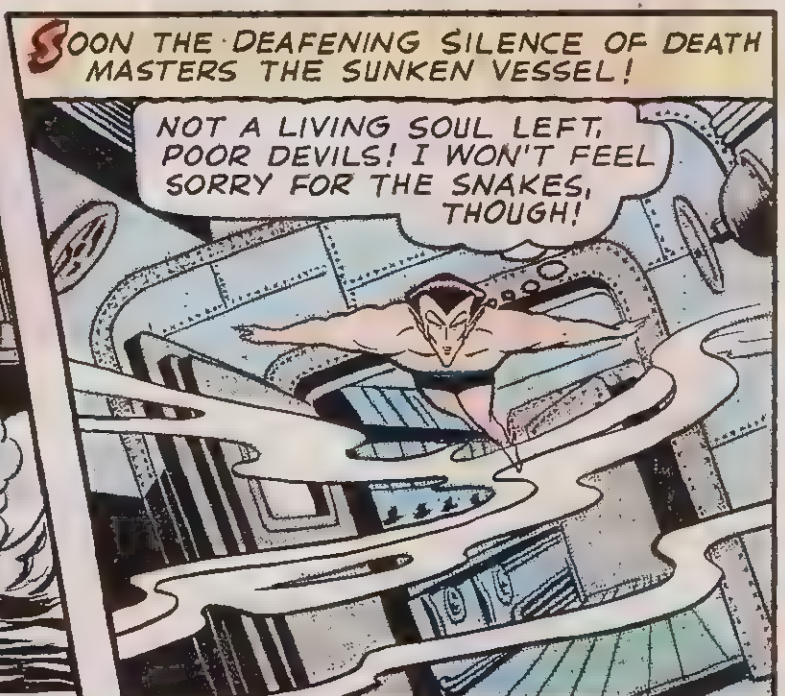
BOOM!



TONS OF WATER OVERFLOOD
THE BALLAST TANKS AND THE
SUPER-SUB GOES DOWN.... THE
SHIP'S SEAMS RIP OPEN FROM
STEM TO STERN....

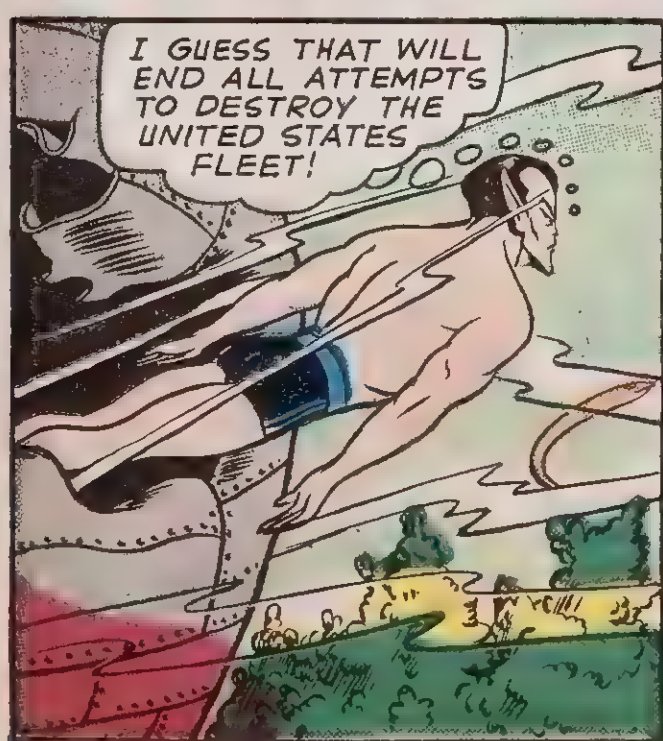
WE'LL
DROWN!
YAGHHH!

TCH!...
WHAT A
SHAME!



SOON THE DEAFENING SILENCE OF DEATH
MASTERS THE SUNKEN VESSEL!

NOT A LIVING SOUL LEFT,
POOR DEVILS! I WON'T FEEL
SORRY FOR THE SNAKES,
THOUGH!



I GUESS THAT WILL
END ALL ATTEMPTS
TO DESTROY THE
UNITED STATES
FLEET!



ONCE MORE ON THE SURFACE, PRINCE
NAMOR SETS OFF FOR A RENDEZVOUS
WITH FRIENDS.....

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL INTELLI-
GENCE WILL BE MIGHTY INTERESTED
IN THE STORY I HAVE TO TELL THEM!

Terry Vance

The

SCHOOL BOY
SLEUTH



TERRY AND DEADLINE ARE STUDYING THE MORSE CODE... WHEN, SUDDENLY, THEY GET A CHANCE TO PUT IT INTO PRACTICE!

NUMBER ONE IS DOT AND FOUR DASHES. TWO IS TWO DOTS, THREE DASHES...

WHY BROTHER?

BETTER ANSWER THAT PHONE, TERRY!

RING-G

THE PHONE CALL BRINGS THE BOYS TO F. B. I. HEADQUARTERS...

TERRY, YOU AND DEADLINE HAVE HELPED US BEFORE BUT THIS TIME WE'RE ASSIGNING YOU TO WATCH FOR METHODS OF GETTING INFORMATION OUT OF THE PLANE FACTORY!

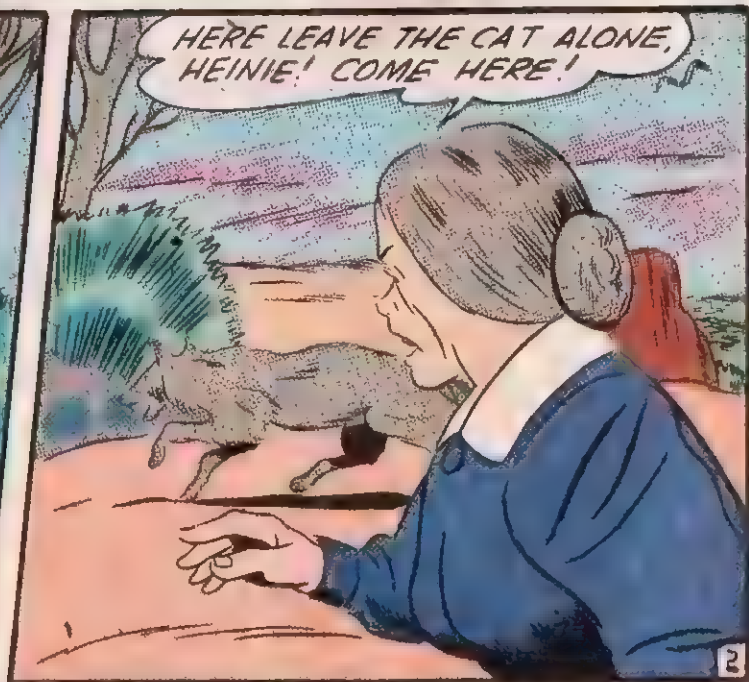
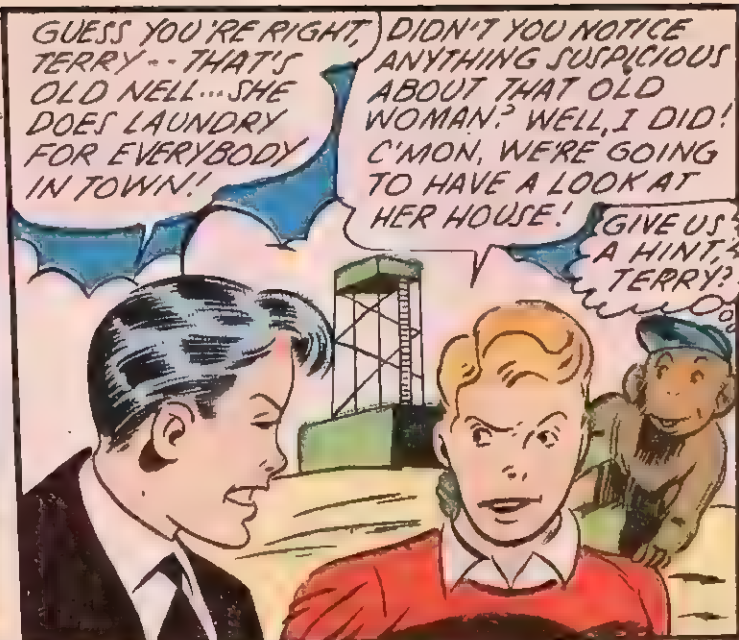
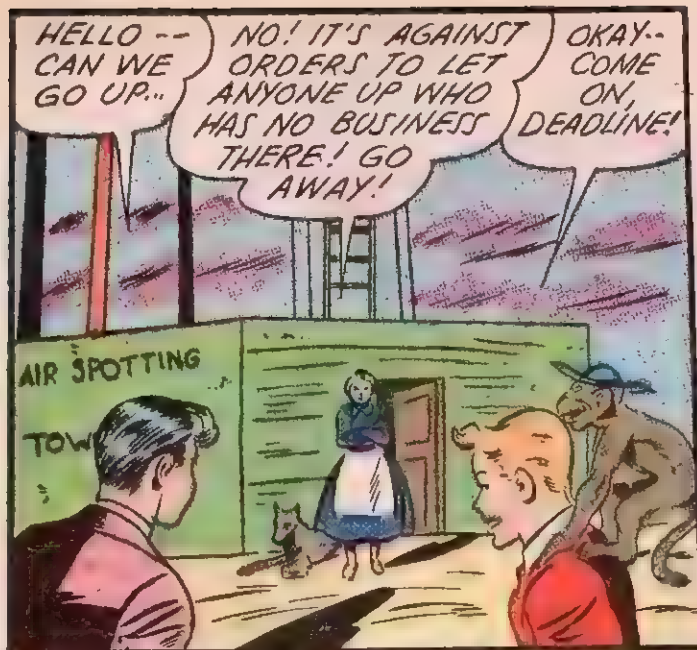
F.B.I.

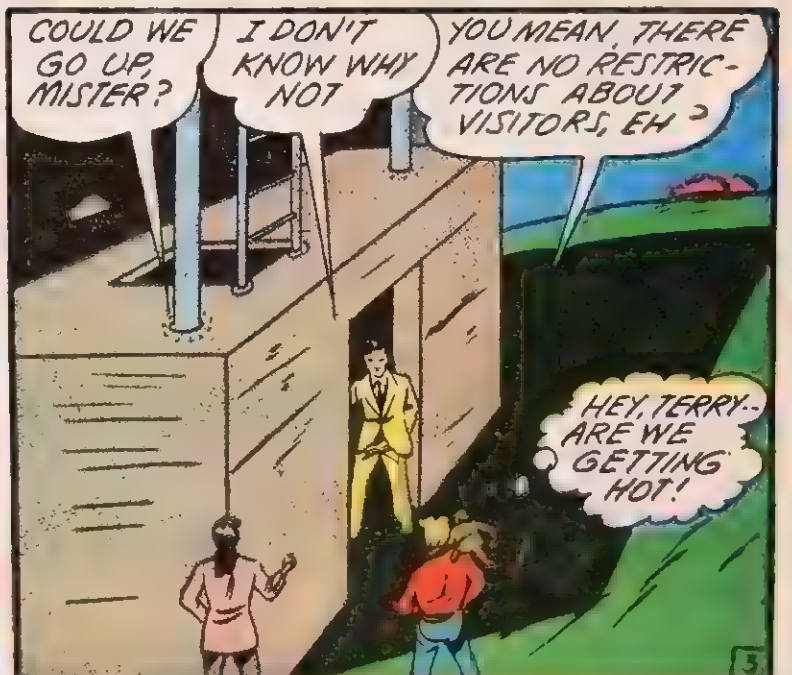
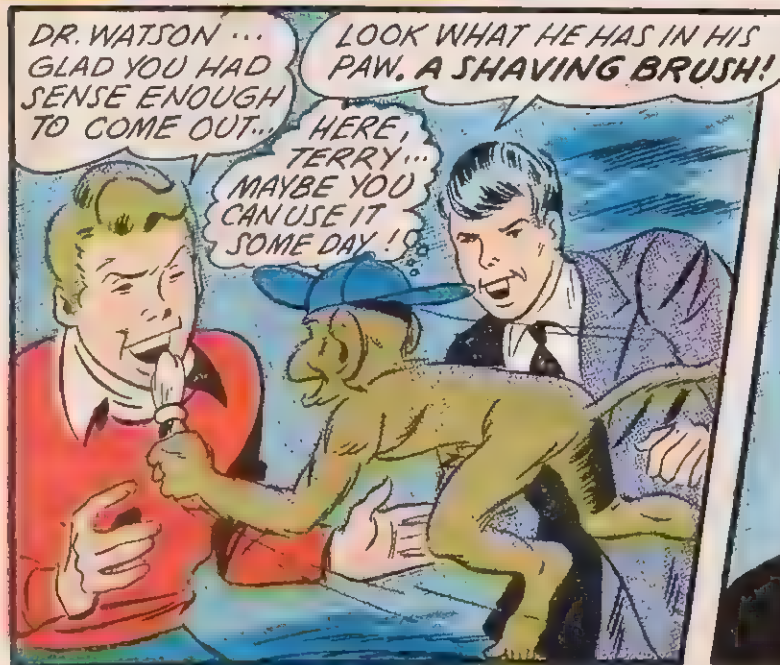
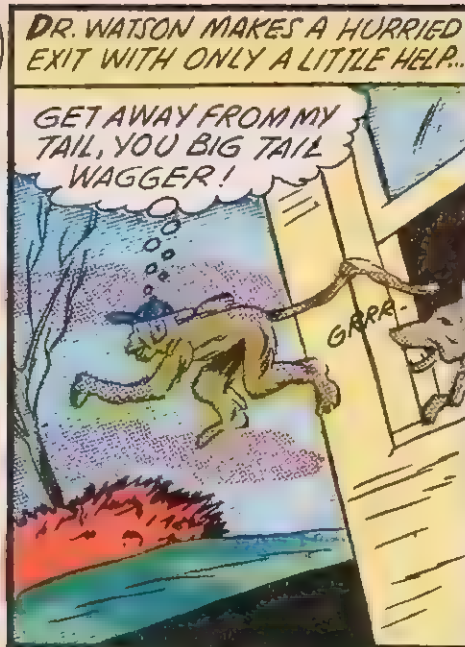
SWELL, WE'LL REPORT WHAT WE DIG UP!

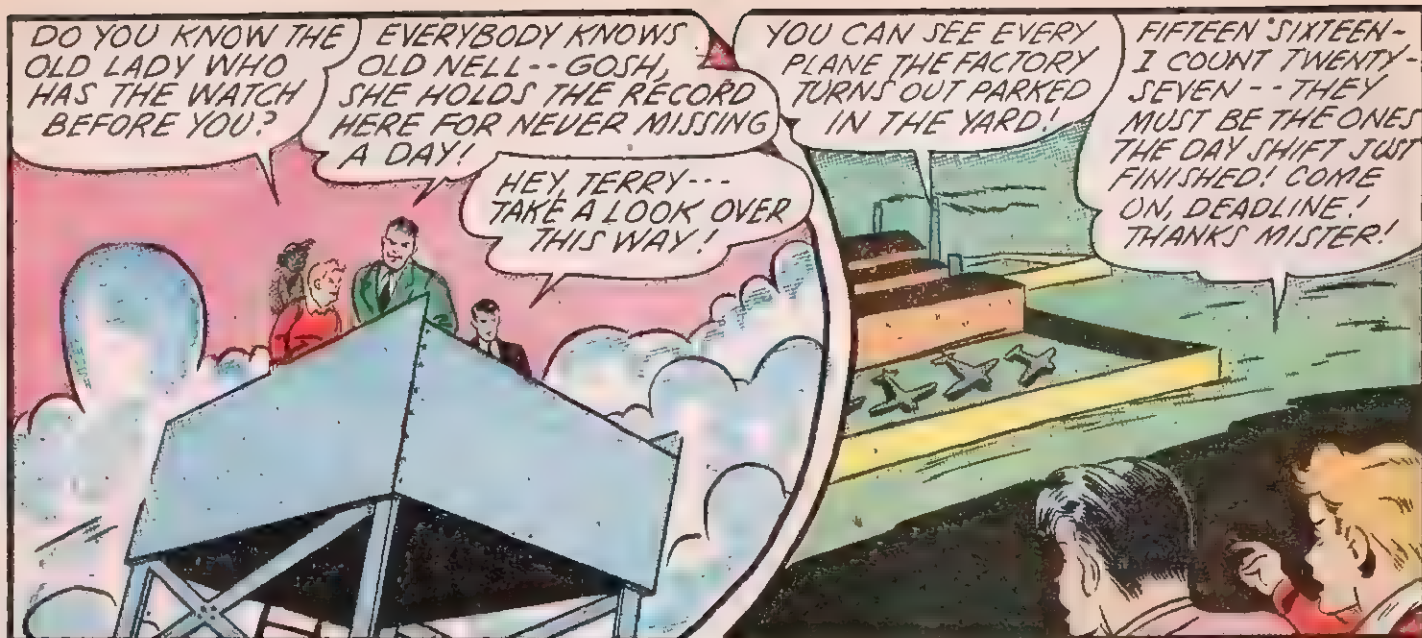
NOTHING AROUND! WELL, IT AT ALL BUT THAT TOWER-- AND THAT'S FOR AIR SPOTTERS! NOTHING HERE!

IT WOULDN'T HURT TO TAKE A LOOK!

AIR SPOTTING TOWER







DO YOU KNOW THE OLD LADY WHO HAS THE WATCH BEFORE YOU?

EVERYBODY KNOWS OLD NELL-- GOSH, SHE HOLDS THE RECORD HERE FOR NEVER MISSING A DAY!

HEY, TERRY-- TAKE A LOOK OVER THIS WAY!

YOU CAN SEE EVERY PLANE THE FACTORY TURNS OUT PARKED IN THE YARD!

FIFTEEN 'SIXTEEN-- I COUNT TWENTY-- SEVEN-- THEY MUST BE THE ONES THE DAY SHIFT JUST FINISHED! COME ON, DEADLINE! THANKS MISTER!



YOU GO TO THE OFFICE AND LOOK UP NELL IN THE MORGUE-- I'LL REPORT TO THE F.B.I.!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DEADLINE? WHERE IS YOUR STORY FOR THE FIRST EDITION?

I'LL HAVE A STORY, BOSS-- AND A BIG ONE!

BUT, TERRY, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT NELL-- WE'VE INVESTIGATED EVERY ONE OF THOSE SPOTTERS!



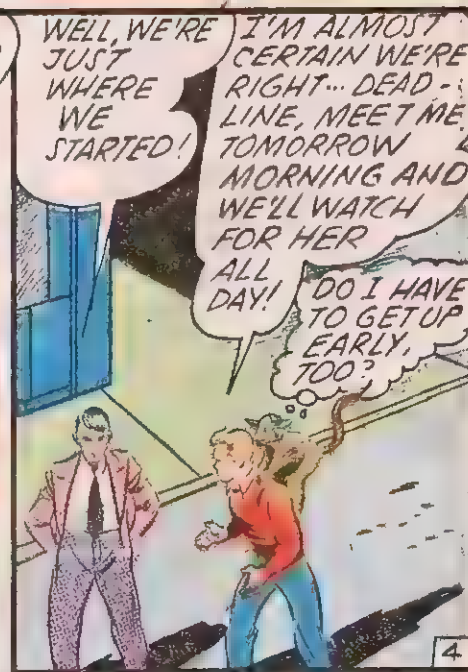
BUT I'M SURE SHE ISN'T A WOMAN! YOU OUGHT TO SEARCH HER HOUSE!

YES-- WHAT WOULD SHE BE DOING WITH A SHAVING BRUSH IF SHE WAS A WOMAN?

OH THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING-- SHE'S LIVED THERE A LONG TIME!



HOW WOULD SHE GET INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY? NEVER GOES ANYWHERE. NO ELECTRICITY FOR A SHORT WAVE. THINK YOU BOYS ARE ON THE WRONG TRACK. TRY AGAIN!



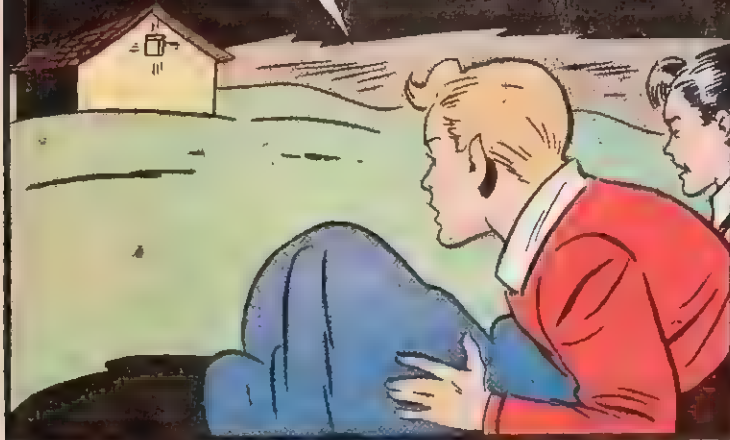
WELL, WE'RE JUST WHERE WE STARTED!

I'M ALMOST CERTAIN WE'RE RIGHT... DEADLINE, MEET ME TOMORROW MORNING AND WE'LL WATCH FOR HER ALL DAY!

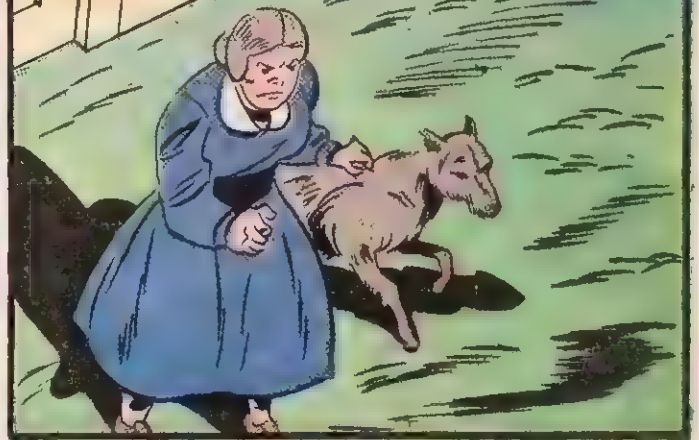
DO I HAVE TO GET UP EARLY, TOO?

NEXT MORNING ABOUT DAWN--

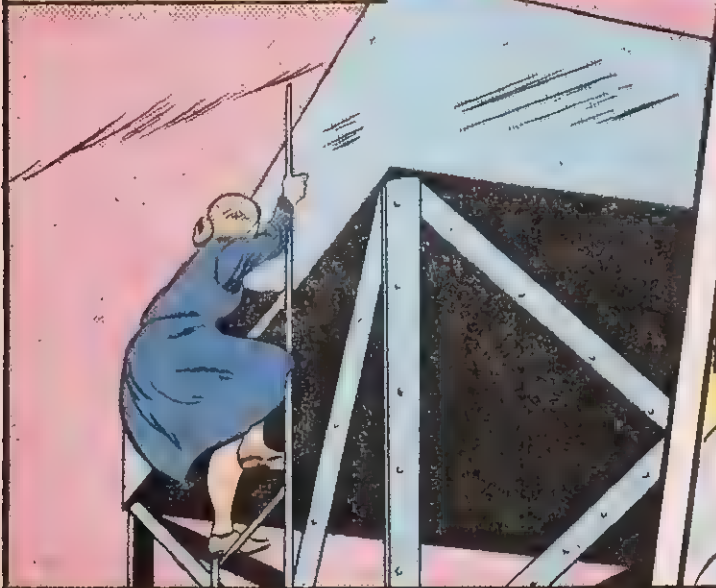
A LIGHT'S ON--
SHE MUST BE UP
ALREADY!



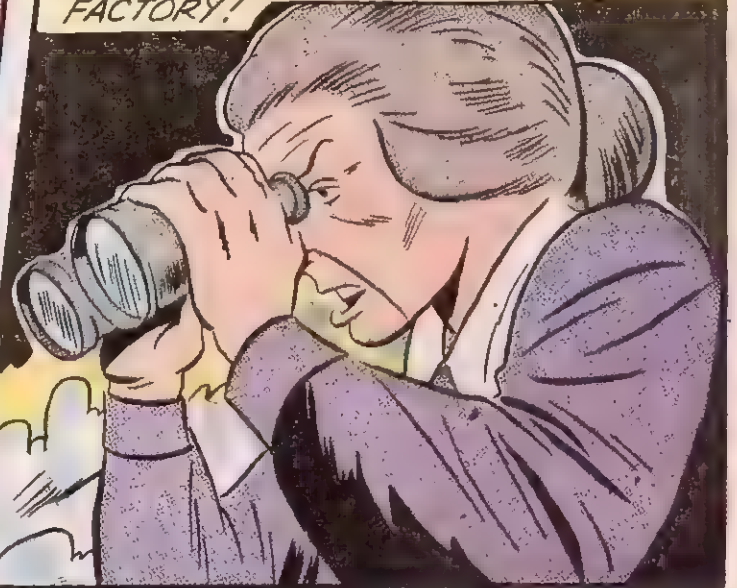
LOOK-- SHE'S LEAVING
THE HOUSE! WE GOT HERE
JUST IN TIME ...WONDER
WHERE SHE'S GOING?



THE BOYS FOLLOW NELL TO THE AIR -
SPOTTER'S TOWER...



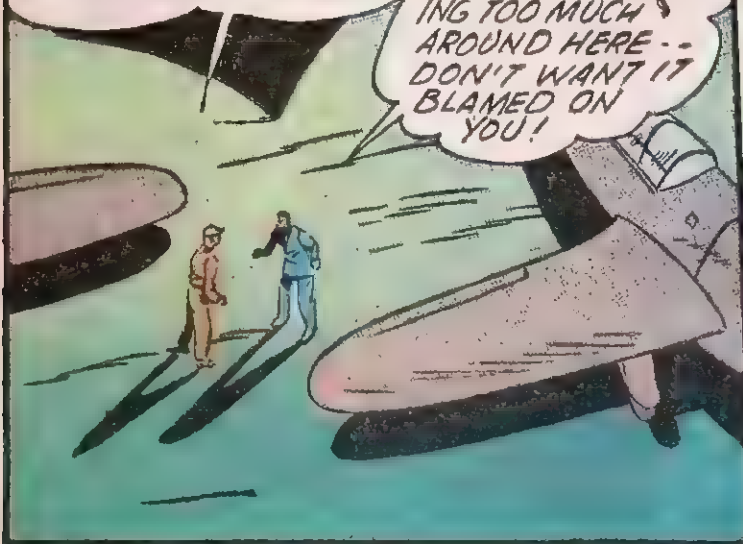
... AND WATCH AS SHE TURNS A PAIR OF
POWERFUL BINOCULARS ON THE
FACTORY!



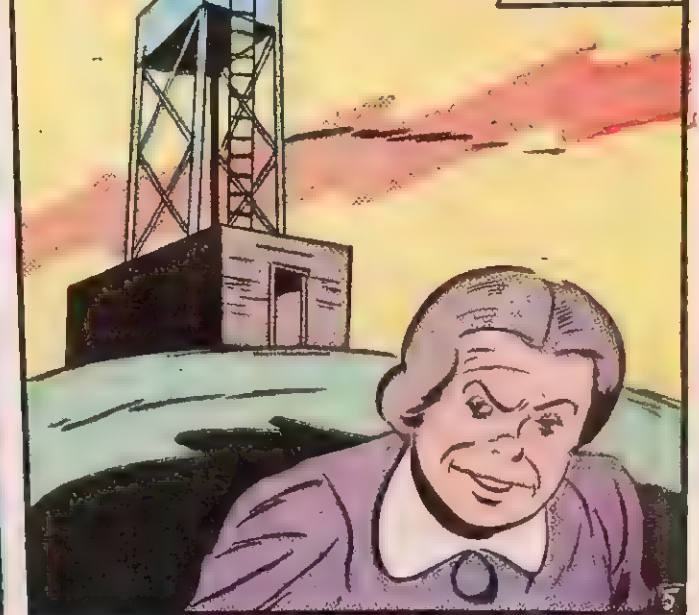
MEANWHILE, IN THE FACTORY YARD...

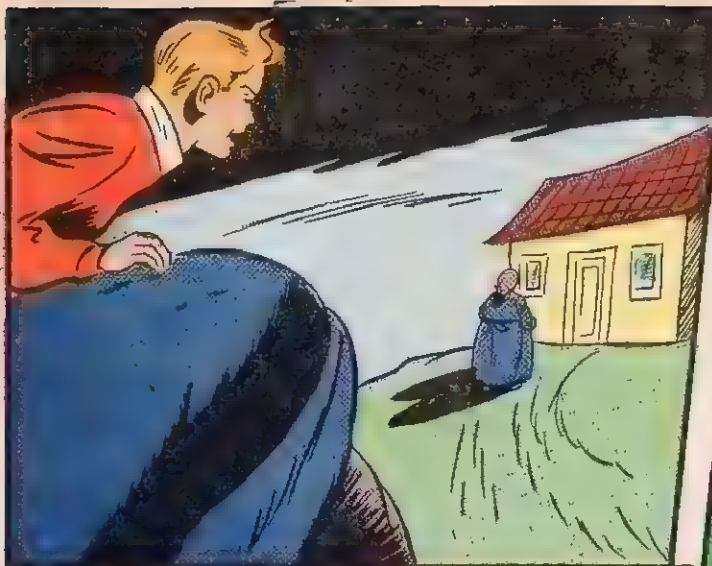
TWENTY-EIGHT PLANES! BETTER KEEP IT
BOY, THE NIGHT SHIFT
IS DOING ALL RIGHT!

UNDER YOUR HAT
--SOMEONE'S TALK-
ING TOO MUCH
AROUND HERE--
DON'T WANT IT
BLAMED ON
YOU!



MOMENTS LATER, NELL RETRACES HER
STEPS...





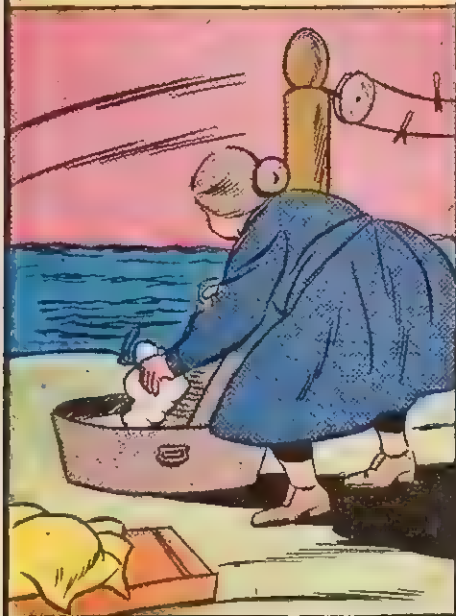
THEIR SUSPICIONS NOW PARTLY CONFIRMED, THE BOYS STAY CLOSE BEHIND HER!

SHE'S GONE INSIDE AGAIN! GUESS THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT WAIT!

WELL, SOMETHING HAD BETTER DEVELOP OR I'LL GET FIRED!

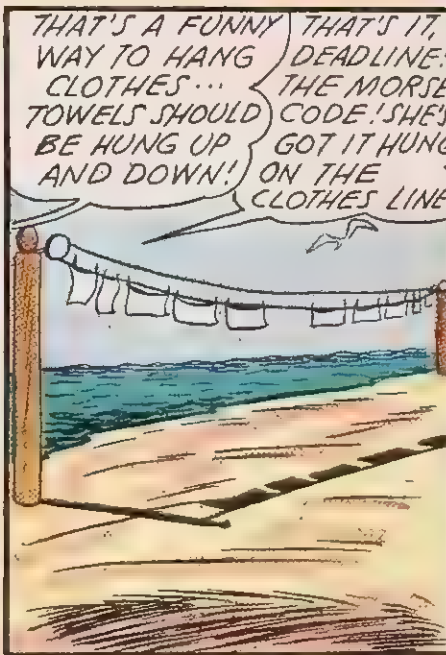


AN HOUR OR TWO LATER...



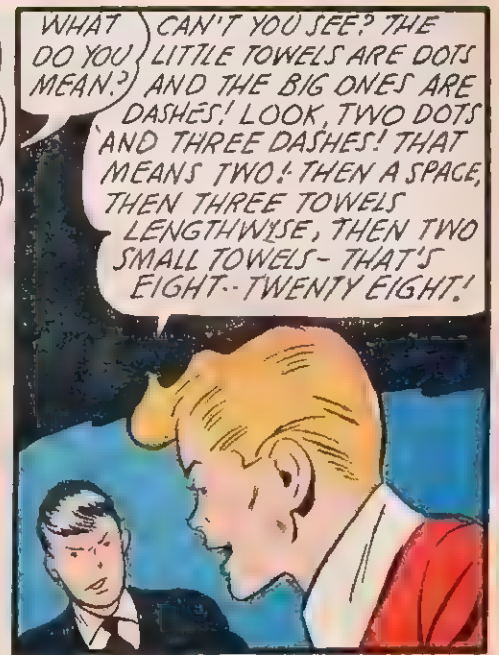
THAT'S A FUNNY WAY TO HANG CLOTHES... TOWELS SHOULD BE HUNG UP AND DOWN!

THAT'S IT, DEADLINE! THE MORSE CODE! SHE'S GOT IT HUNG ON THE CLOTHES LINE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

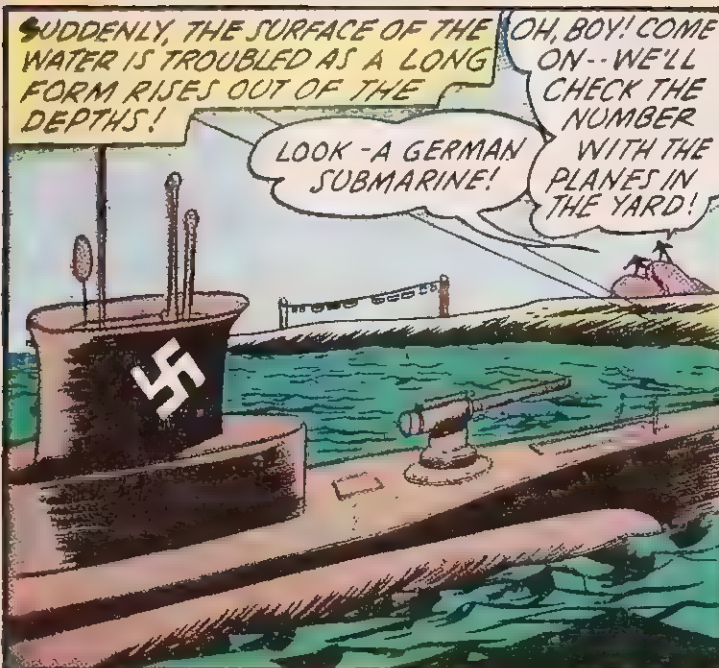
CAN'T YOU SEE? THE LITTLE TOWELS ARE DOTS AND THE BIG ONES ARE DASHES! LOOK, TWO DOTS AND THREE DASHES! THAT MEANS TWO! THEN A SPACE, THEN THREE TOWELS LENGTHWISE, THEN TWO SMALL TOWELS - THAT'S EIGHT - TWENTY EIGHT!



SUDDENLY, THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IS TROUBLED AS A LONG FORM RISES OUT OF THE DEPTHS!

OH, BOY! COME ON - WE'LL CHECK THE NUMBER WITH THE PLANES IN THE YARD!

LOOK - A GERMAN SUBMARINE!



YES, SIR! SHE HAD THE TOWELS HUNG ON THE LINE TO SPELL OUT TWENTY EIGHT IN MORSE CODE AND THAT'S THE NUMBER OF PLANES THE PLANT TURNED OUT LAST NIGHT WE CHECKED THAT!

THE SUB-MARINE GOT THE SIGNAL!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! COME ON, WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE ARMY AIR FIELD!

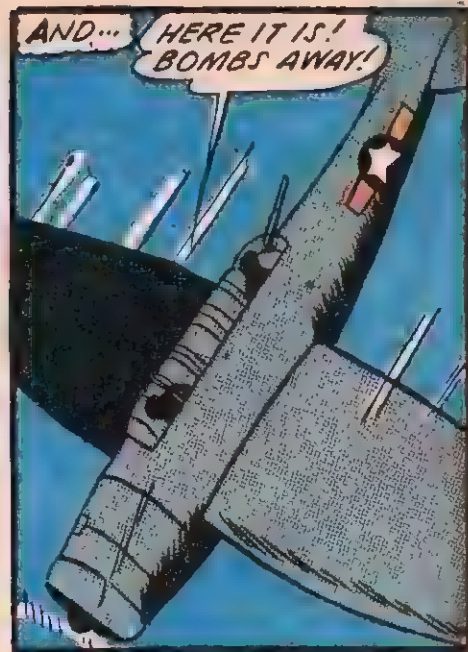




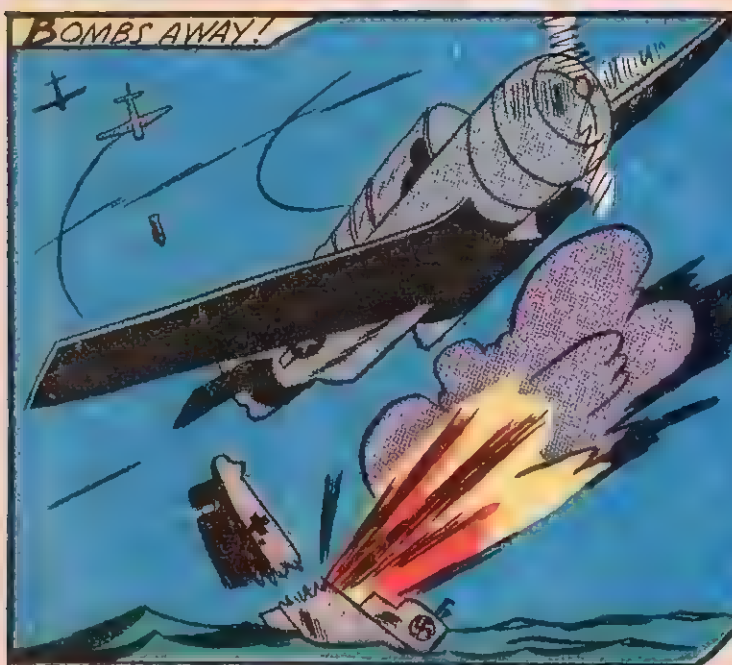
YES, AN ENEMY SUBMARINE HAS BEEN SIGHTED OFF THE COAST NEAR THE PLANT!



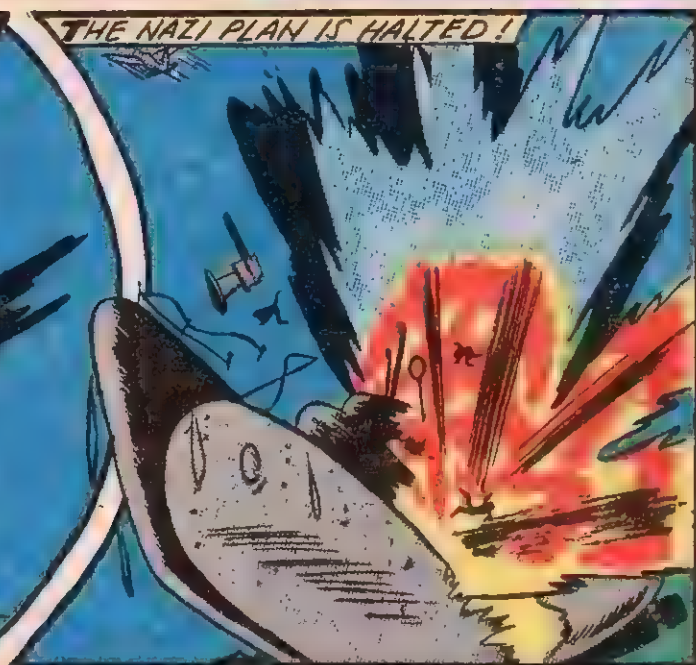
THE AIR FORCE GOES INTO ACTION!



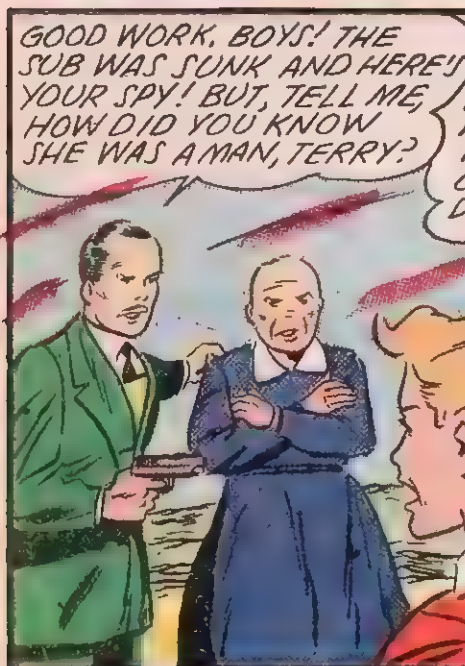
AND... HERE IT IS! BOMBS AWAY!



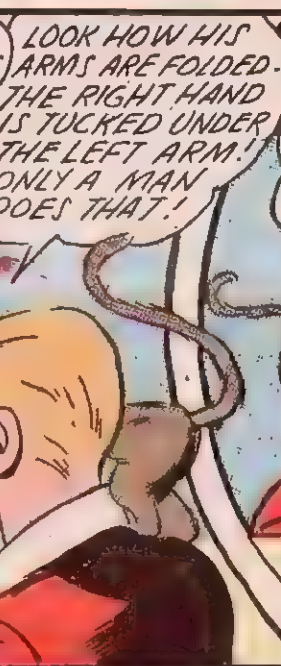
BOMBS AWAY!



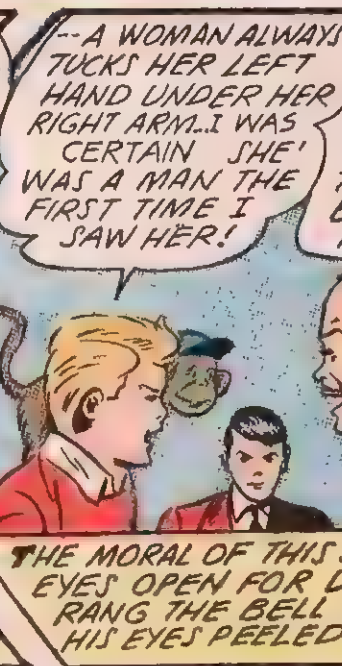
THE NAZI PLAN IS HALTED!



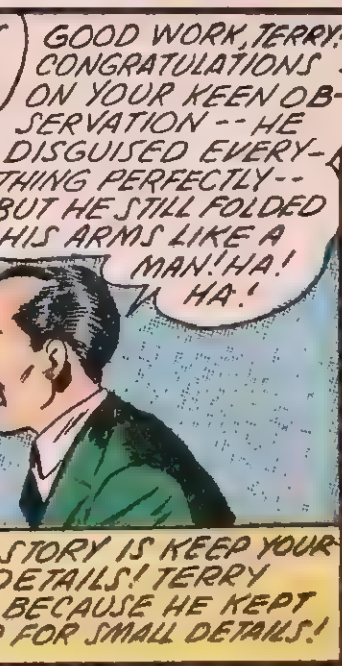
GOOD WORK, BOYS! THE SUB WAS SUNK AND HERE'S YOUR SPY! BUT, TELL ME, HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS A MAN, TERRY?



LOOK HOW HIS ARMS ARE FOLDED. THE RIGHT HAND IS TUCKED UNDER THE LEFT ARM. ONLY A MAN DOES THAT!



...A WOMAN ALWAYS TUCKS HER LEFT HAND UNDER HER RIGHT ARM. I WAS CERTAIN SHE WAS A MAN THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER!



GOOD WORK, TERRY! CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR KEEN OBSERVATION -- HE DISGUISED EVERYTHING PERFECTLY -- BUT HE STILL FOLDED HIS ARMS LIKE A MAN! HA! HA!

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR DETAILS! TERRY RANG THE BELL BECAUSE HE KEPT HIS EYES PEELED FOR SMALL DETAILS!

ALL WET

THE last chock came out with a snap and went sailing out past Jerry's ear, to strike the water with a splash. Whirling, Jerry caught sight of a man dashing past the double row of trucks on the barge. Then the trucks had begun to roll. As Jerry leaped forward the long line bumped and jolted its way to the edge of the barge and, one by one, surrounded by a white fringe of froth, plunged off into the bay.

It was too late to stop them. Jerry raced across the barge as it righted itself sluggishly, then dipped to the far side, under the weight of the second row of trucks. Jerry reached the edge, stood poised on the side of the barge. He caught sight of a figure swimming away through the filtering snow, a man—

Somewhere a police whistle shrilled in the dark. Jerry turned, moved along the barge to the end. The pier rose above him. Lights peered gloomily down through dots of snow. As Jerry swarmed to the top of the pier, a guard plunged toward him, swinging a pump gun up.

"Halt!" a voice rasped. "Who is it?"

"Jerry Dayton, badge 263. I was working on the barge—"

"Step up—okay. What happened?"

"Someone knocked the blocks from under the line of trucks. They rolled off into the bay. I saw a man swimming away!"

Other guards appeared. They were making a search. Out on the bay sounded the muffled throb of a marine engine. Probably the coast guard. Lights sprang into life all about, peering ominously into the shroud of snow.

Cliff Cummings, night foreman, showed up. "You're wanted, Jerry. Up front." The foreman's voice was hard, unfriendly.

JERRY squared his shoulders as he stepped into the bright lights of the office. Captain Timmons, Les Wiley, the senior night guard, and Cliff Cummings were here. No one looked friendly, Jerry noted uneasily. Why? Did they think he—

"Jerry Dayton?" Captain Timmons said softly. "I understand you were on the barge when this accident occurred. Just what happened?"

Carefully Jerry explained. "Someone jumped off and swam away," he concluded. "It was a man. I saw him."

Captain Timmons' square face tightened. "You aren't positive. It might have been your imagination!"

"There was no one else. Outside of me—"

The Captain nodded. "I realize that. So it is doubly important we make sure there was someone else on that barge!"

For a moment it was very quiet. Jerry drew a deep breath. "You mean—you think I—I—"

Captain Timmons glanced at the foreman briefly. "I don't know what to think just yet. We must investigate carefully. For the present you are suspended. You may go home. But . . . you are to stay there. You will be under surveillance till this is cleared up!"

IT WAS chilly in the street. Jerry was glad of it. He moved through the dimmed-out streets, aware of the sounds of the dock district, the puff of tugs somewhere in the sea of snow.

The lunchroom at the corner looked friendly

and he turned inside. It was warm in here. He wanted a cup of coffee. There were a few other men here, loaders from the different docks. Cleve Winston was in a corner, thawing out, a little puddle of water at his feet from his dripping clothes. He hunched over his coffee. Jerry took the stool next to him.

"Thought you were working till midnight," Cleve questioned. "What you going home so early for?"

"Something happened." Jerry added sugar to his coffee. "I—I've been suspended. I'll be lucky if that's all."

"I thought they needed men—"

"I guess they do. But . . . someone knocked the chocks from under a line of trucks on the barge." Jerry felt tension grip his throat as if to shut off the words. Maybe he shouldn't say anything. . . .

Cleve Winston finished his coffee, fished out a nickel. "Don't tell me they think you're it!"

For a second Jerry waited, thinking hard. "No-o. They know who did it, all right!"

Cleve stood up, pulling his coat closer about him. "That's good. Wouldn't want to see you in trouble. Well, see you later." Cleve moved to the door and pushed through.

Quickly Jerry paid for his coffee. He got up and headed out the door. The wind was strong now, and there was a bite in it. Cleve was headed down the block, shoulders hunched into the wind. Jerry settled himself carefully to follow Cleve, find out where he was going.

Cleve headed out to the edge of town. Eventually he turned up a path leading to a house set back among a clump of naked trees. The wind rattled faintly in the branches. Cleve Winston knocked at the door and a moment later it swung open.

The house was large and most of it was in darkness. It was old and Jerry had no trouble finding a window that gave under pressure. He swung cautiously into a cellar, risked a light briefly, found the stairs and climbed to another door. This was unlocked. He let himself through, stood listening. Evidently he stood in a hallway, for ahead of him showed a thin thread of light. A voice sounded. Cleve's voice.

"It's worth it," Cleve was urging. "You'll always thank me for tipping you off. And I can use the dough!"

Jerry moved closer. He was outside the door. Again Cleve urged, "It's just a drop in the buck-

et to you, Max. If you pass it up—you'll wish you hadn't!"

Jerry grew taut. Cleve was here, was trying to sell information of some kind to someone. But why? If Cleve—

THE door opened with a jerk. Jerry found himself facing the ugly hole of a revolver.

Above it stood a hunched, thin-faced man.

"Come in," Max invited. "You and Cleve—friends, eh?"

Jerry moved forward carefully. He saw Cleve across the room, his hard face creased with anger and suspicion. Max backed up slowly, a small smile about his buttonish mouth.

Cleve exclaimed, "You better come to terms, Max—"

"I will," the old man said softly. "Very definite terms, my friend." He turned to look at Cleve. "I'm going to kill you! I know what happened. You fumbled at the docks, Cleve. You missed your cue. And now . . ."

Cleve's hand darted swiftly, flashed out with a gun. The flat smash of its shot was echoed by a faint cry from Max. His body slumped, his knees bent, and he pitched to his face.

Cleve advanced stealthily.

Jerry gripped the back of a wooden chair and flung it around in a circle, heaving it across at Cleve. Cleve yelped, tried to duck. He stumbled and sprawled to hands and knees.

Desperately Jerry closed in. As Cleve scrambled to one knee, Jerry lashed in a crushing blow. Cleve's head snapped far back, his body tilted over and dropped.

"It was easy," Jerry later explained to his two captives, now neatly tied into compact bundles on the floor. "There was a puddle of water where you were sitting in the lunchroom. Under your overcoat you were soaking wet. You were the guy on the barge who jumped in and swam away when you saw me. That tipped me off. You were working for Max, getting paid to do this rotten work. But maybe . . . you aren't so smart after all!"

Cleve tested the ropes binding his wrists. "I'll get out of this, bud. And when I do—watch out!"

Jerry chuckled. "You'll be like Old Man Moe. You'll have whiskers down to your knees when you get out. And a wheel-chair!"

THE END

Miss

AMERICA



INTREPID FIREMEN QUAKING IN PERIL AS THEY STAND BEFORE BLAZING INFERNOS! NOT FEAR OF FIRE BUT OF MYSTERIOUS DANGER LURKING WITHIN! FEAR OF THE UNSEEN HAND TAKING ITS TOLL AT EACH FIRE! STRIKING SWIFTLY AND UNERRINGLY--- MURDERING ONE OF THEM EVERYTIME THEY GO FORTH TO DO THEIR DUTY!

MISS AMERICA ZOOMS THRU SEARING FLAME AND SMOKE TO HUNT DOWN THE MENACE OF THE--

FLAMING HATE!

MADELINE AND HER UNCLE ARE STOPPED AT A STRONG POLICE LINE THROWN AROUND A RAGING FIRE!

HELLO, CAPTAIN! WHY ALL THE POLICE?

FLAMING HATE?

OH--HELLO THERE, MR. BENTON! WE'RE TRYING TO TRAP A KILLER WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE FLAMING HATE!

YEP! THAT'S WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF! WORKS AT FIRE ONLY AND KILLS ONLY FIREMEN--THE SAME WAY WITH A KNIFE IN THE BACK AND A CARD SIGNED FLAMING HATE!

ANY CLUES?

NO! WE'VE BEEN WATCHING EVERY FIRE WITH HUNDREDS OF MEN BUT HE SLIPS THRU!

BUT A SIXTH SENSE WARNS MADELINE AND SHE REFUSES TO GO WITH THEM AS SHE SEES A FLURTY FIGURE DASH THRU THE POLICE RING!

WE'LL GO UP ON A ROOF! YOU'LL GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE FIRE!

COMING, MADELINE?

HUH?--OH--NO,--UNCLE JIM! I THINK I'LL WATCH FROM HERE!

SOMETHING WRONG! THAT FIGURE DRESSED LIKE A FIREMAN, LOOKED STRANGE! MISS AMERICA BETTER GET IN ON THIS!

SECONDS LATER--MISS AMERICA IS ON THE TRAIL!

IN I GO!

ZOOM!

AND AS MISS AMERICA LANDS INSIDE THE BURNING BUILDING---- SHE SEES----

WOW! CAN'T STAY TOO LONG IN THIS HOT-HOUSE! **HEY!** THAT FIREMAN OVER THERE! IT'S THE SAME GUY WITH A KNIFE!



NO YOU DON'T, MR. FLAMING HATE! (GROAN) TOO LATE!

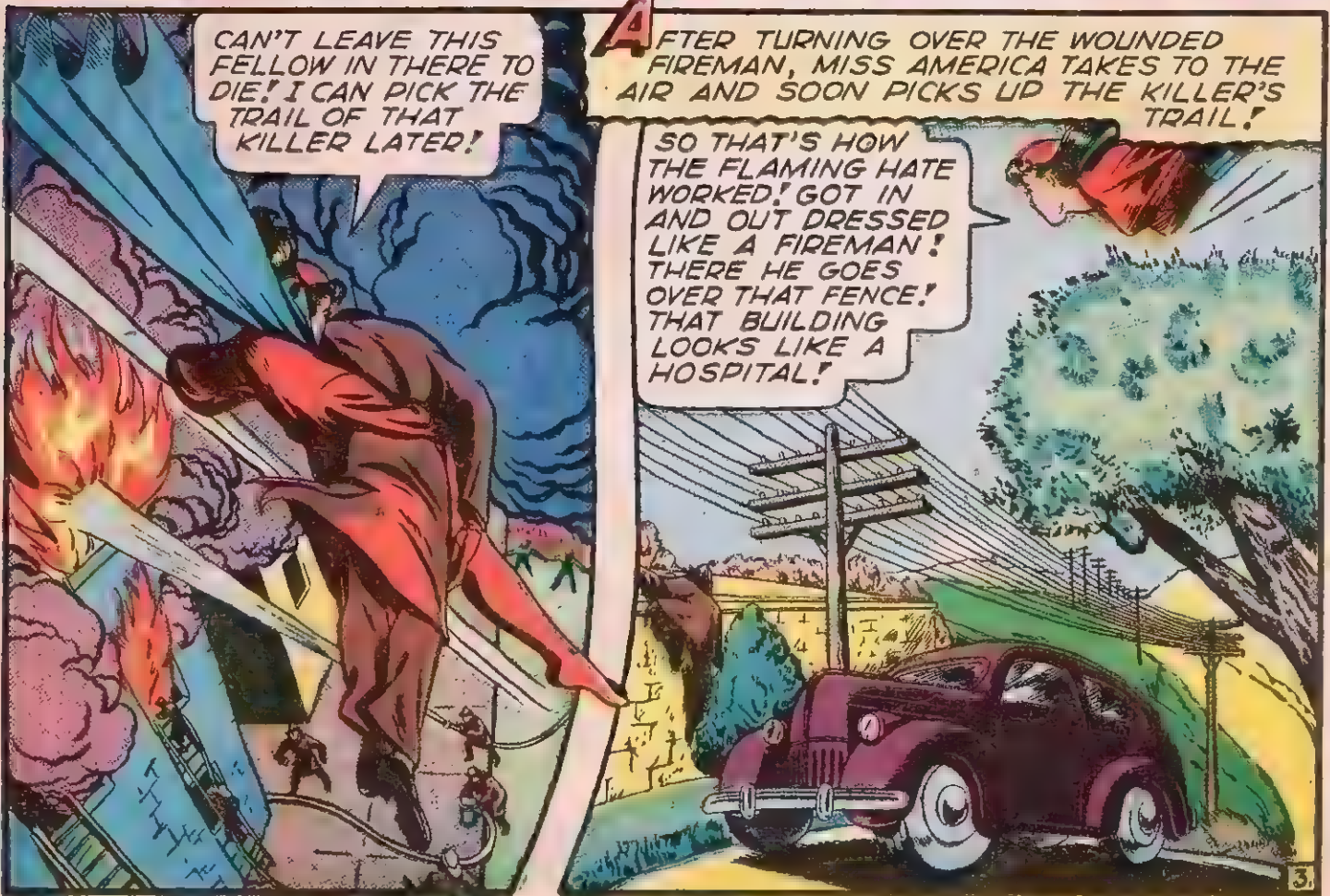
I WAS WRONG! HE'S ONLY WOUNDED! **HEY!** THE KILLER IS GETTING AWAY!



CAN'T LEAVE THIS FELLOW IN THERE TO DIE! I CAN PICK THE TRAIL OF THAT KILLER LATER!

AFTER TURNING OVER THE WOUNDED FIREMAN, MISS AMERICA TAKES TO THE AIR AND SOON PICKS UP THE KILLER'S TRAIL!

SO THAT'S HOW THE FLAMING HATE WORKED! GOT IN AND OUT DRESSED LIKE A FIREMAN! THERE HE GOES OVER THAT FENCE! THAT BUILDING LOOKS LIKE A HOSPITAL!





**SECONDS
LATER---**

THE FLAMING HATE
IN HERE? IMPOSSIBLE!
THIS IS AN INSANE
ASYLUM! NO ONE
COULD GET OUT!



I FOLLOWED HIM HERE
FROM THE FIRE! HE
TRIED TO KILL ANOTHER
FIREMAN! HE'S IN THE
HOSPITAL NOW, FIGHT-
ING FOR HIS LIFE!

LOOK!



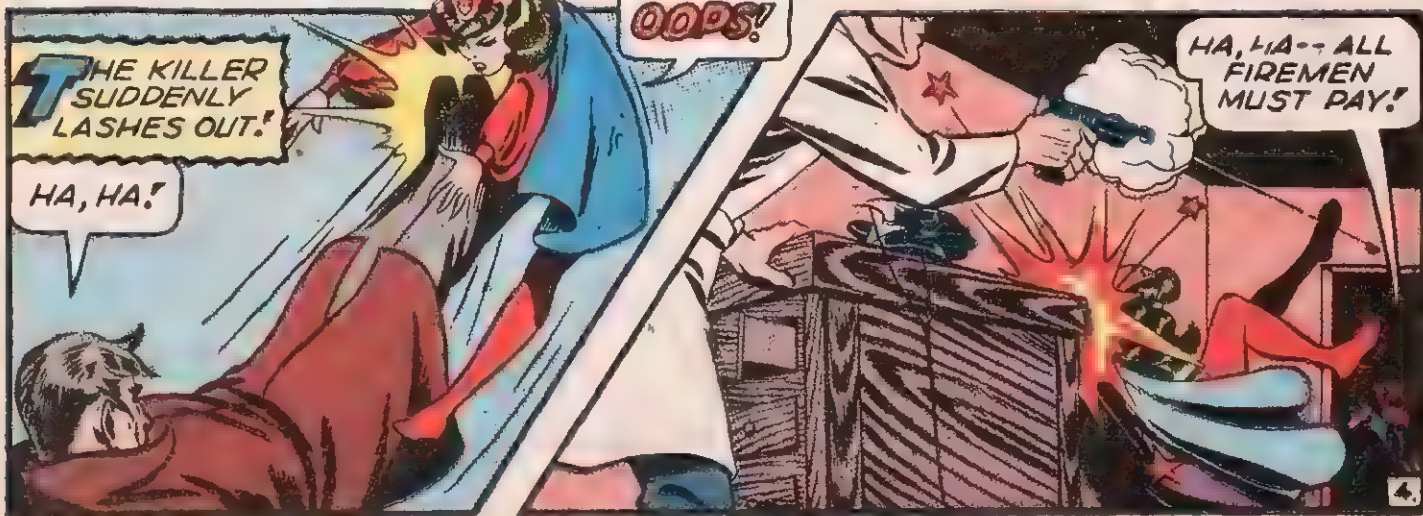
SO HE IS NOT DEAD! AND YOU ARE TO BLAME!
FIRST I WILL KILL YOU BOTH AND
THEN I WILL FINISH THE FIRE-
MAN IN THE HOSPITAL!

START YOUR
KILLING-- I'M
WAITING!



MISS AMERICA MEETS THE
KILLER WITH A LIGHTNING-
ATTACK OF
HER OWN!

AND
THIS WILL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU!



THE KILLER
SUDDENLY
LASHES OUT!

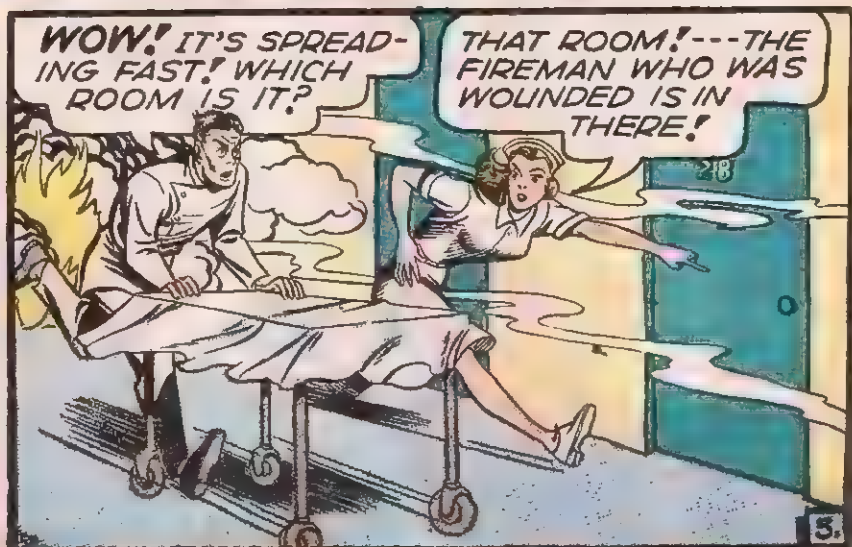
HA, HA!

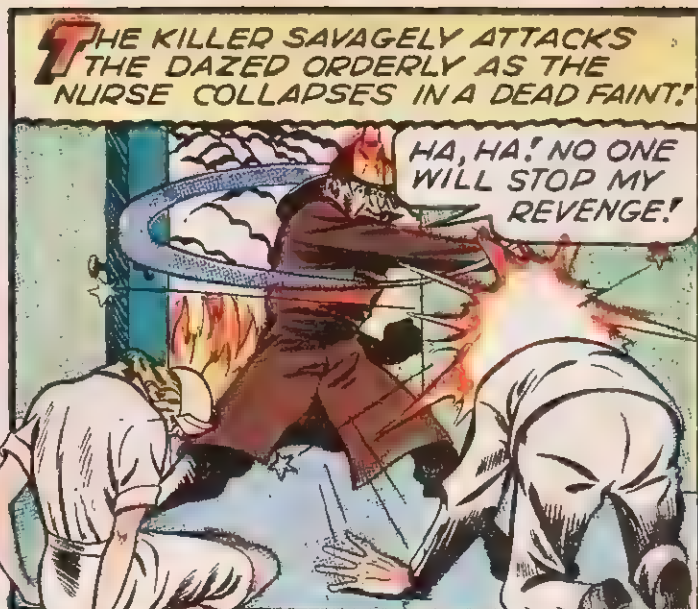
OOPS!

HA, HA-- ALL
FIREMEN
MUST PAY!

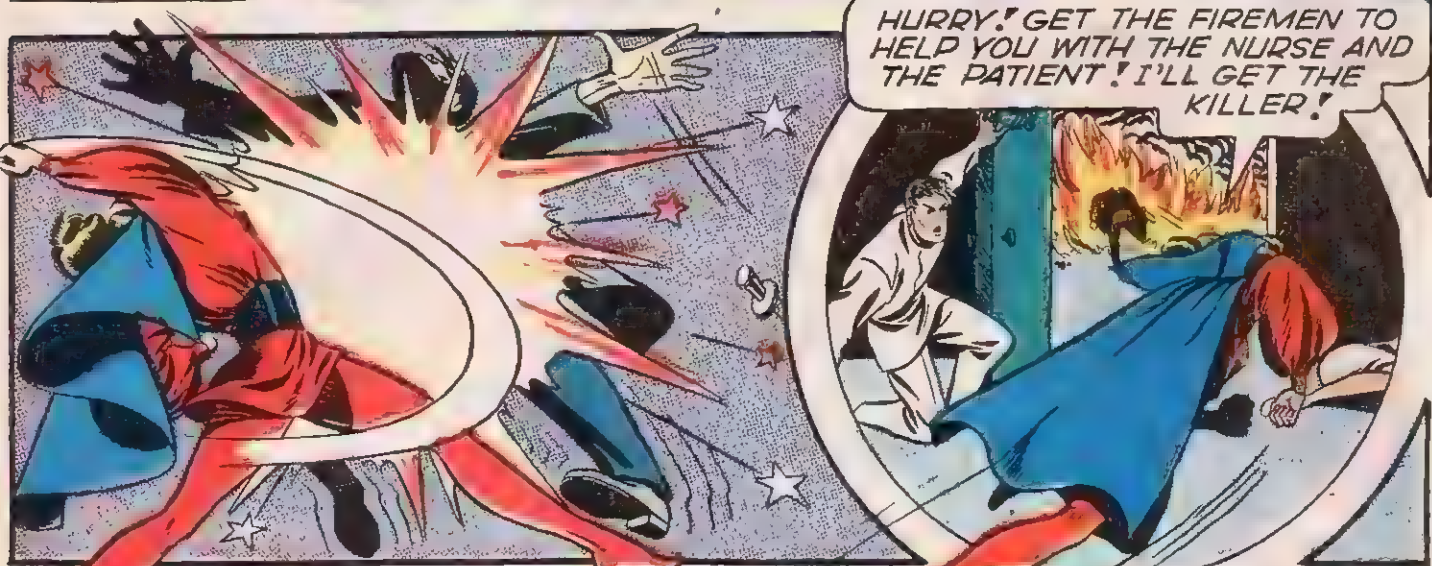
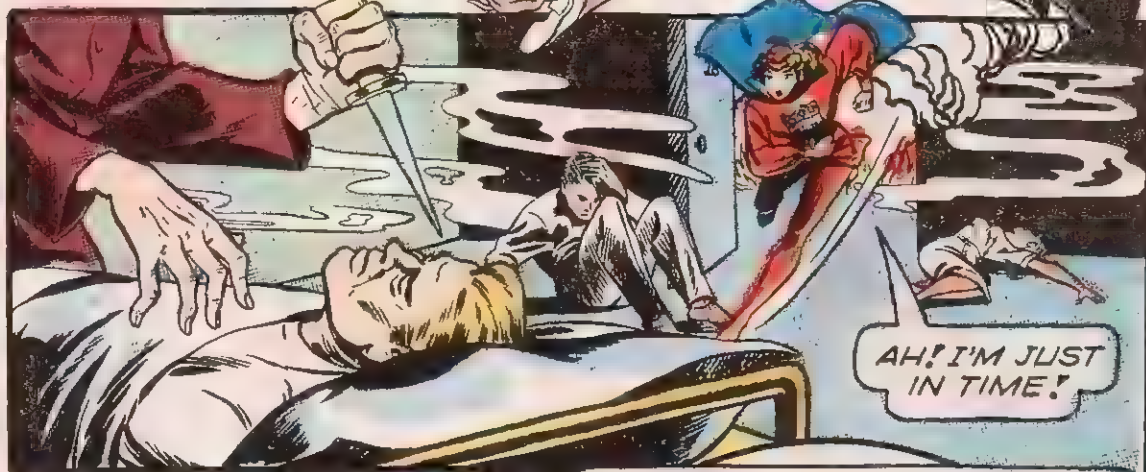


-- **A**ND THE FIREMEN DO SUCCEED IN GETTING ALL THE PATIENTS OUT OF THE BUILDING, THANKS TO MISS AMERICA AND THE DOCTOR'S QUICK ACTION ON THE PHONE --- BUT IN ONE ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL -- JUST A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE AVENGING FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA ZOOMS TOWARD THE TOWERING PILE OF SMOKE AND FLAME ---





AND AT THE MOMENT THAT THE CRAZED KILLER IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE THE KNIFE DOWN INTO THE HELPLESS FIGURE ON THE BED --



GREAT GUNS! THE FLOOR IS COLLAPSING RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!

WITH AN EAR SHATTERING SCREAM OF TERROR, THE KILLED GOES DOWN INTO THE ROARING FIERY PIT TO HIS DOOM! A VICTIM OF HIS OWN FLAMING HATE!



UGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE! BETTER GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF! BEST WAY IS BACK THRU THE SAME ROOM!

COULDN'T YOU GET HELP?

TRIED! (COUGH) FLAMES STOPPED US!

I'LL TAKE THESE TWO DOWN WITH ME! YOU GET SET TO JUMP! THE FIREMEN ARE SPREADING THE NET BELOW!

DOWN ZOOMS THE FIGURE OF MISS AMERICA FROM THE FLAMING BUILDING!

HERE COMES MISS AMERICA! SHE'S CARRYING TWO PEOPLE!

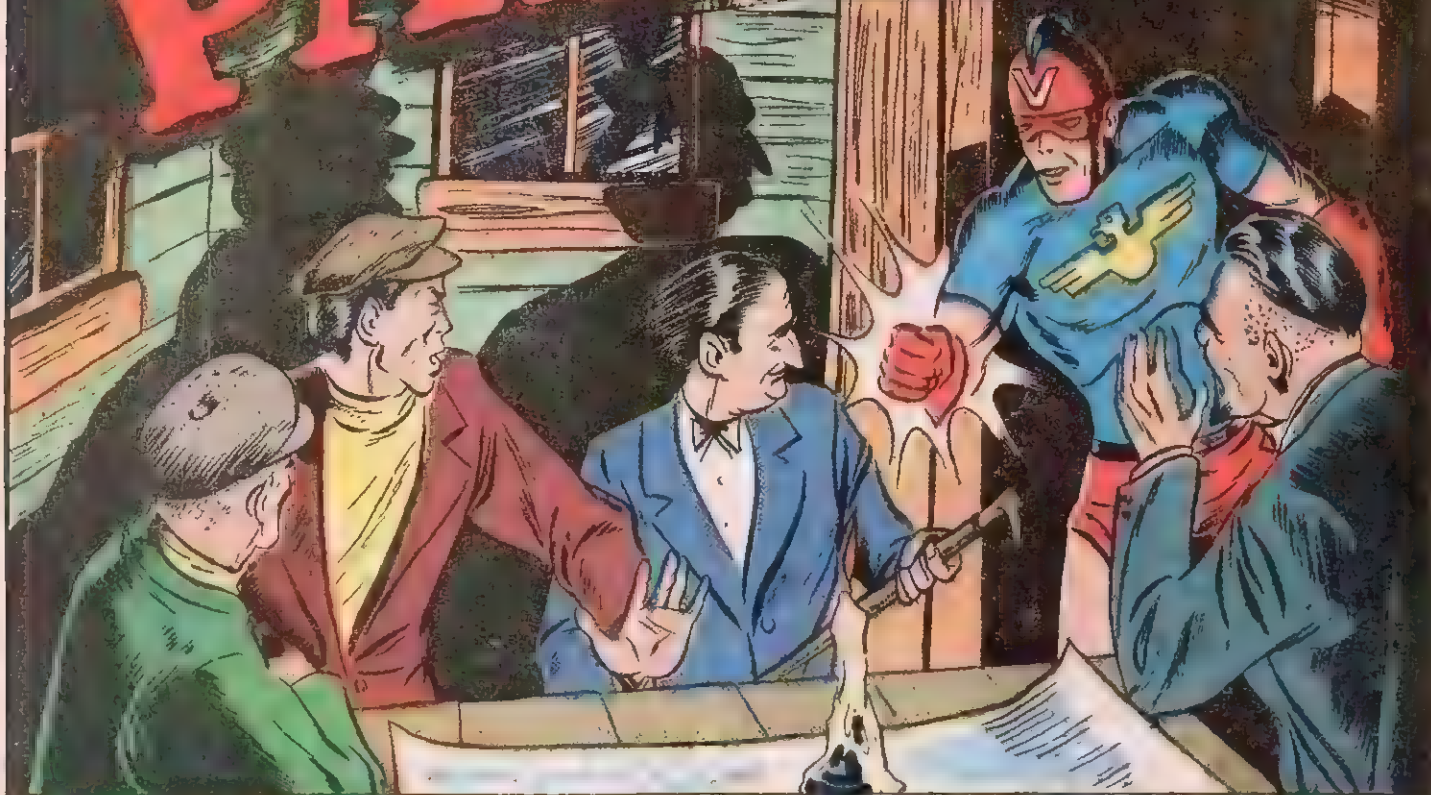
GOOD-- THE ORDERLY MADE IT! NOW TO DEPOSIT MY TWO BUNDLES!

THAT EVENING AT HOME ---

LISTEN TO THIS, MADELINE! "THE FLAMING HATE" BLAMED ALL FIREMEN FOR THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, WHO WAS TRAPPED IN A FIRE AND BURNED TO DEATH! HE WAS OUT FOR REVENGE! IT'S A GOOD THING THAT MISS AMERICA WAS ON THE JOB!

THE END

THE PATRIOT



THE PATRIOT, NOW IN THE NATION'S CAPITOL, IS INVITED TO ATTEND A MILITARY BALL! UNEXPECTEDLY, JEFF STUMBLES UPON A SCHEME TO STEAL THE PLANS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST SUBMARINE! WHAT HAS A NAZI PLOT TO DO WITH AN OFFICIAL BALL? HOW DOES THE PATRIOT THWART THE AXIS?

YOU ARE CORDIALLY
INVITED TO BE A
GUEST AT A MILITARY
BALL, HELD TONIGHT
BY HIGH RANKING
ARMY AND NAVY
OFFICERS.

HM! NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T GO.
SOUNDS INTERESTING ENOUGH!



THE EVENING OF THE BALL!

UH, UH! WHAT A TURNOUT!
UNIFORMS ALL OVER THE
PLACE -- MAYBE I SHOULD
HAVE COME AS THE
PATRIOT!

WHEW ... WARM IN HERE!! THINK
I'LL DUCK OUT AND GET SOME
AIR! THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL
TALKING OVER MY HEAD
ANYWAY!

BUT AS JEFF STEPS INTO THE GARDEN ...

OUR PLANS
VORK, EH,
BARON?

JA -- DER MEN ARE
DERE NOW!

HA-VE ARE ACCEPTED AS POOR REFUGEE
AUSTRIANS BY DESE STUPID AMERICANS!
BAH! SOON VE HAFF DER PLANS FOR
DER SUBMARINE FROM
PARKER'S HOUSE UND DEN
VE RETURN TO
GERMANY!

HM -- I'D SAY THEY WERE
NAZIS AFTER SOME
SUB PLANS! OKAY,
PATRIOT WILL
STOP THEM!

PARKER'S -- THEY
MUST MEAN ADMIRAL
PARKER'S HOME! IF
I CAN ONLY GET THERE
IN TIME TO STOP THEM!

PATRIOT ARRIVES IN TIME

VOT
ISS?

HA -- I'M IN TIME! WELL,
THIS IS ONE AXIS PLOT
THAT'S GOING TO BE RUINED!

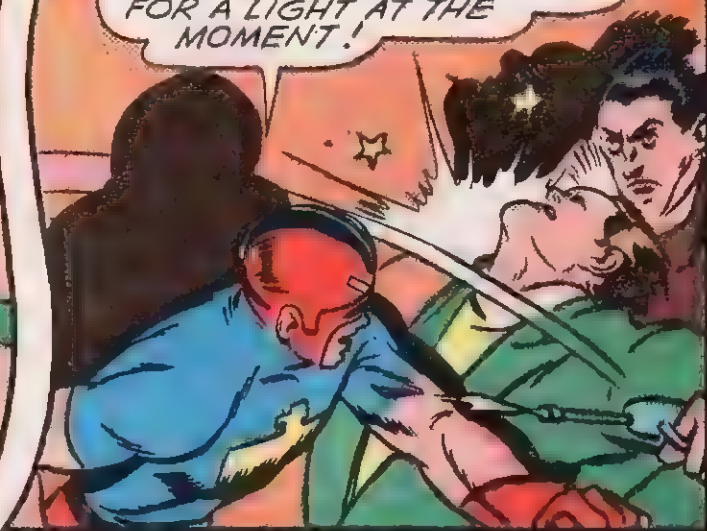
**PATRIOT GOES TO WORK ON THE NAZIS
IN TRUE AMERICAN STYLE!**

I HOPE I'M
NOT MAKING
THINGS TOO
HOT FOR YOU
RATS!



**ONE GERMAN SWINGS THE ACETYLENE
TORCH ON PATRIOT BUT ...**

NO, THANKS -- I DON'T CARE
FOR A LIGHT AT THE
MOMENT!



**BUT THE OTHER NAZI TAKES
ADVANTAGE OF JEFF'S
MOMENTARY DISTRACTION!**

AMERICAN
SCHWEIN!



QUICK! TAKE DER PLANS,
MUELLER! OUR PLOT WILL
BE A SUCCESS IN SPITE
OF DER PATRIOT!

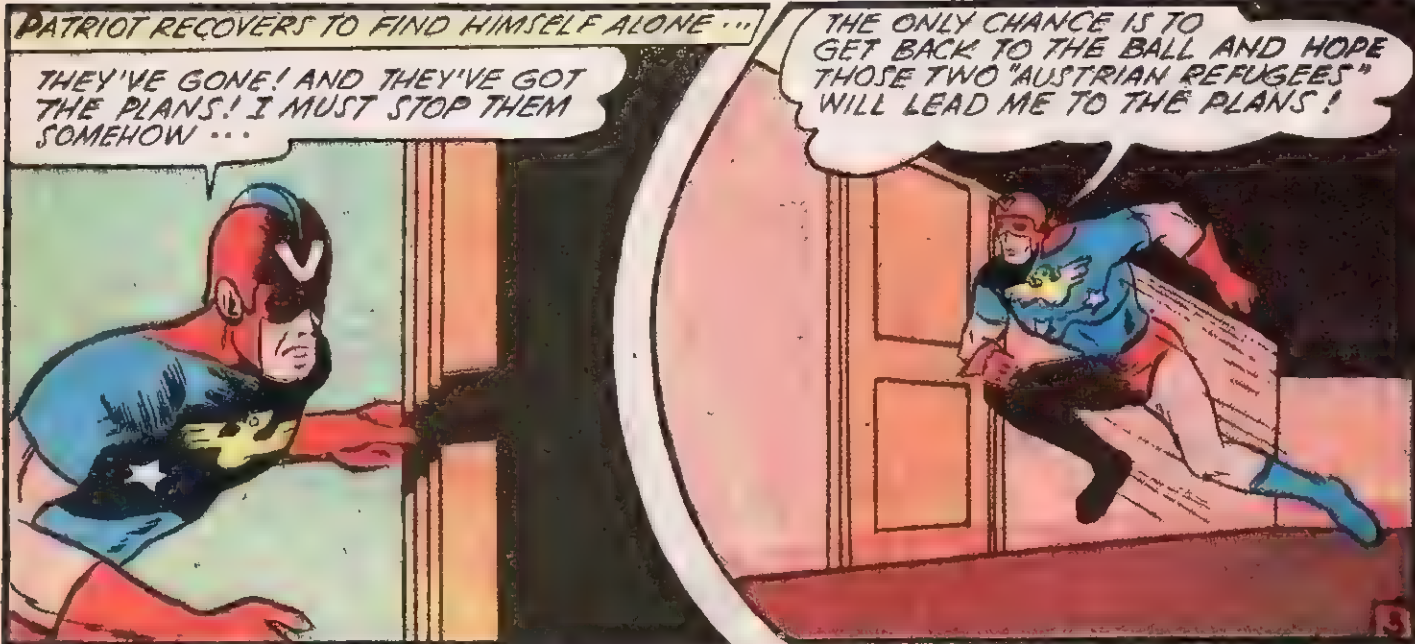


PATRIOT RECOVERS TO FIND HIMSELF ALONE ...

THEY'VE GONE! AND THEY'VE GOT
THE PLANS! I MUST STOP THEM
SOMEHOW ...



THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO
GET BACK TO THE BALL AND HOPE
THOSE TWO "AUSTRIAN REFUGEES"
WILL LEAD ME TO THE PLANS!

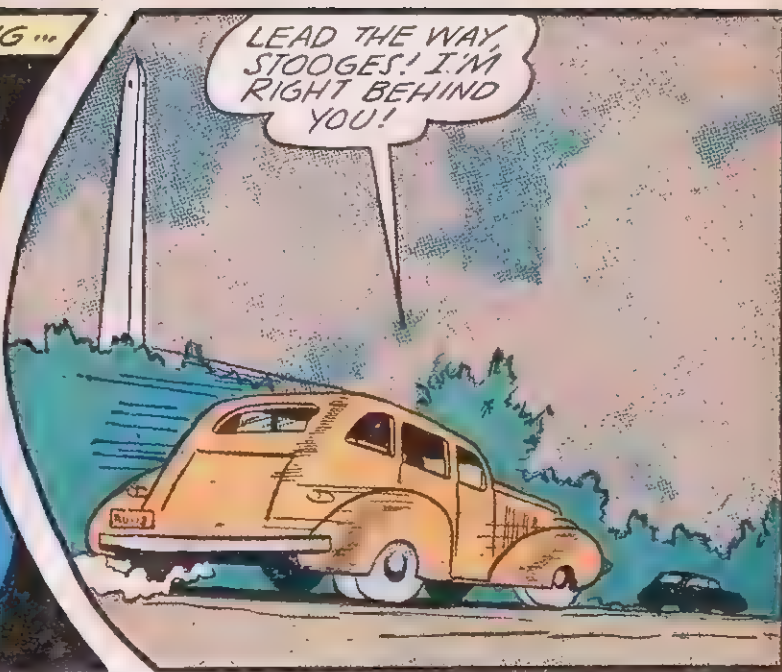


AS PATRIOT DRIVES UP TO THE BUILDING ...

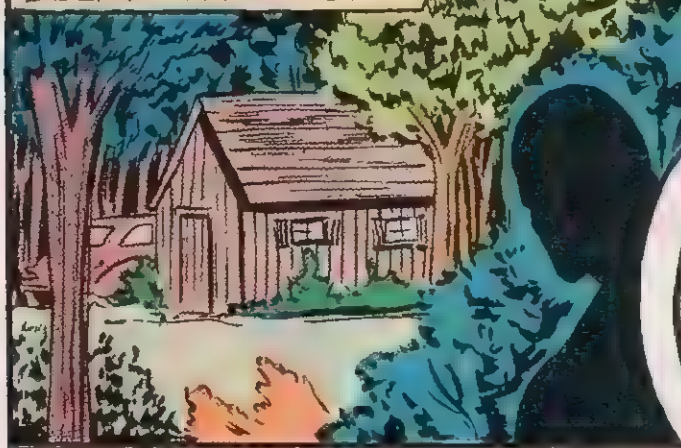
THE NAZIS! WHAT
A BREAK ...



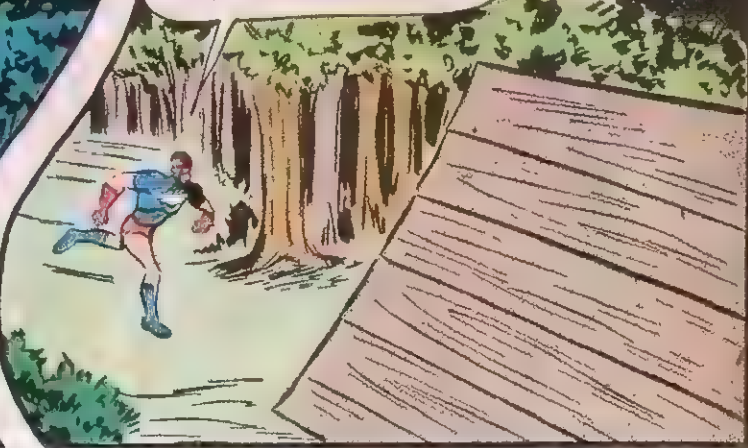
LEAD THE WAY,
STOOGES! I'M
RIGHT BEHIND
YOU!



THE NAZI CAR STREAKS THROUGH THE
CAPITOL CITY, THROUGH THE SUBURBS, AND
INTO THE COUNTRY -- DRAWING TO A
STOP BEFORE A DARK AND SILENT SHACK
DEEP IN A FOREST!



UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THE TWO
MEN I ENCOUNTERED AT THE
ADMIRAL'S OFFICE SHOULD BE
IN THERE, TOO, AND WITH THE
STOLEN PLANS!



YUP, I WAS RIGHT! THERE'S
THE MATERIAL ON THE TABLE!
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE AN
ENTRANCE!

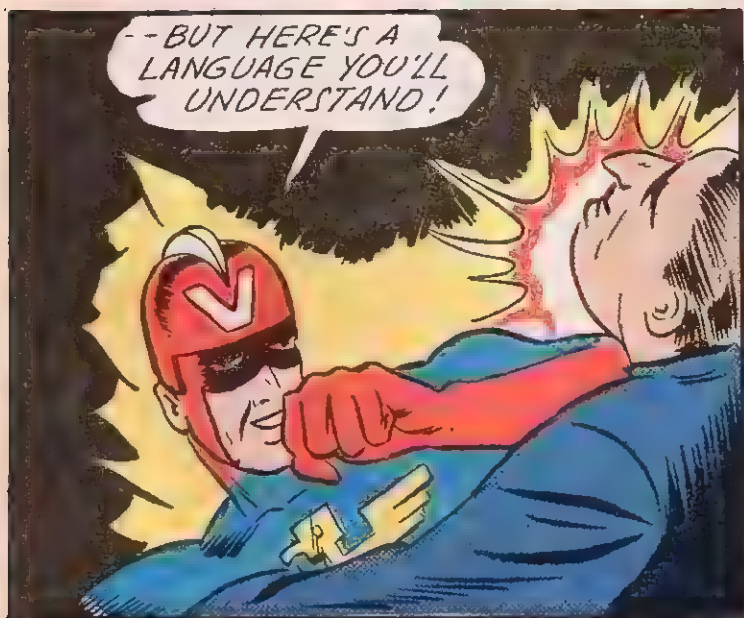


HA, HA! VE HAFF
STOLEN THE PLANS
RIGHT UNDER
THEIR VERY
NOSES!

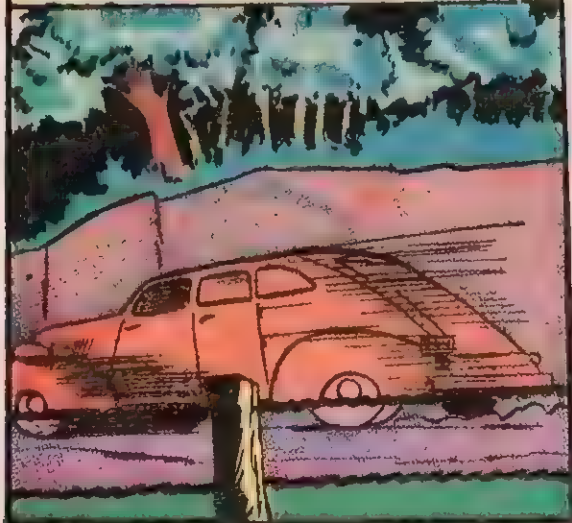
I WOULDN'T BE
TOO SURE ABOUT
THAT, WEASEL
FACE!
SURPRISE!



ACH! DOT
SCHWEIN! HE
ISS BACK!



JUMPING INTO HIS CAR, THE PATRIOT STEPS ON THE GAS AND SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT IN THE HOPE OF CATCHING THE FLEEING NAZI...



PATRIOT RACES DIZZILY DOWN THE NARROW WINDING ROAD!

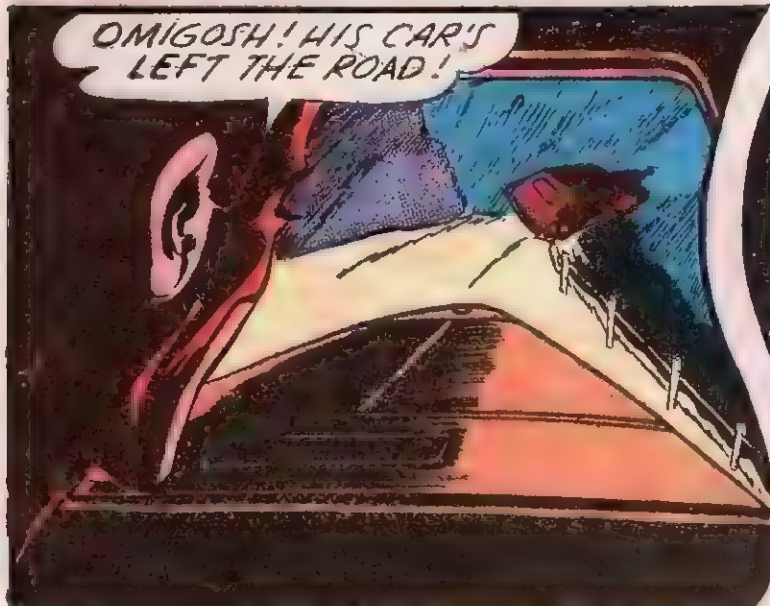
LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE LOST --- HEY, WAIT! WHAT'S THAT AHEAD!



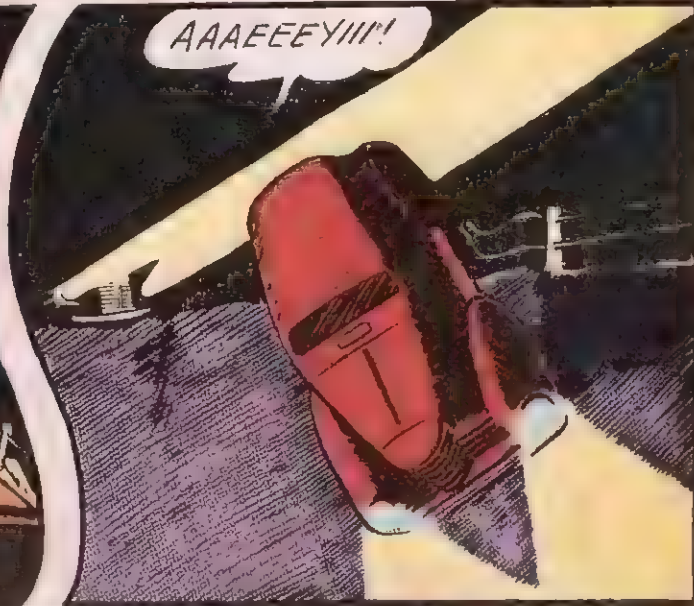
THERE HE IS! HEY -- HE'S SKIDDING!



OMIGOSH! HIS CAR'S LEFT THE ROAD!

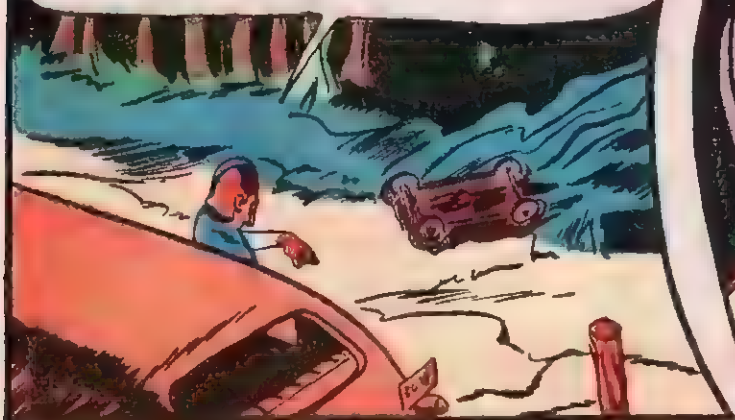


AAAAEEYIII!

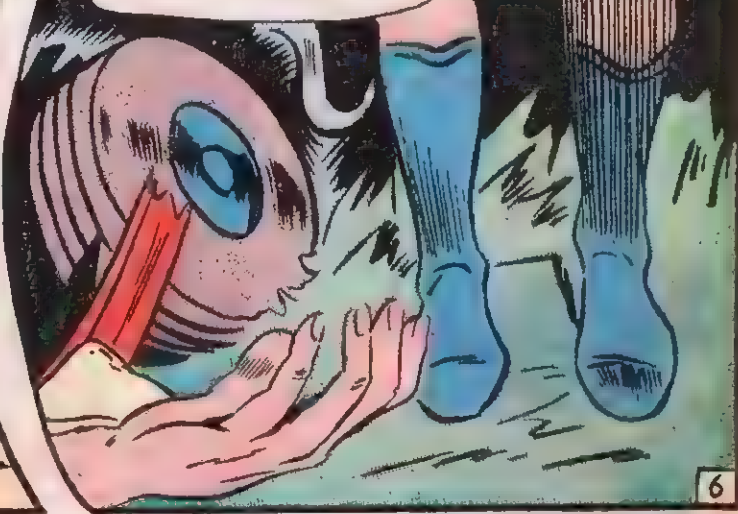


PATRIOT CAREFULLY SLACKENS SPEED AND PULLS TO A STOP AT THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT.

WHEW! THAT'S THE END OF HIM! I'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE AND RECOVER THE STOLEN PLANS!

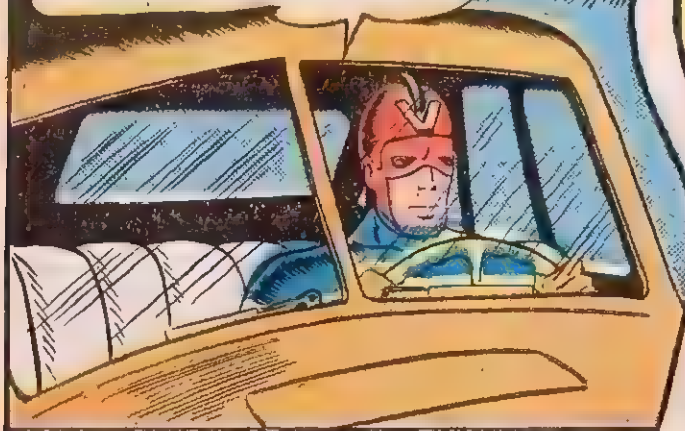


GOOD THING THIS WRECK DIDN'T BURN! I'D BETTER GET THESE PLANS BACK WHERE THEY BELONG!



WITH THE VITAL MILITARY INFORMATION SAFE IN JEFF'S HANDS, HE TURNS BACK TOWARD THE SHACK!

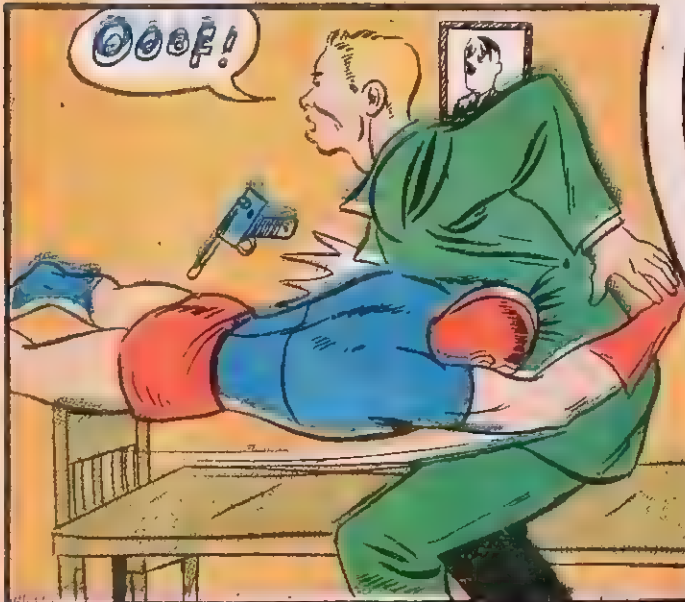
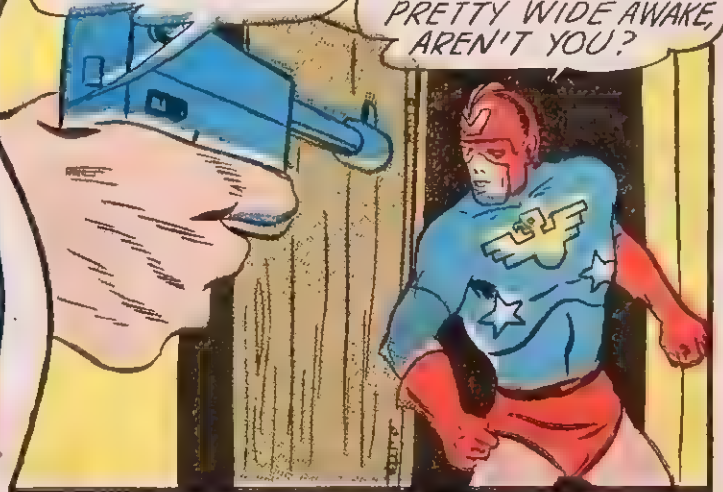
FIRST, THOUGH, I'LL ROUND UP THE REMAINING TWO AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!



BUT, AS PATRIOT SWINGS THE DOOR OPEN...

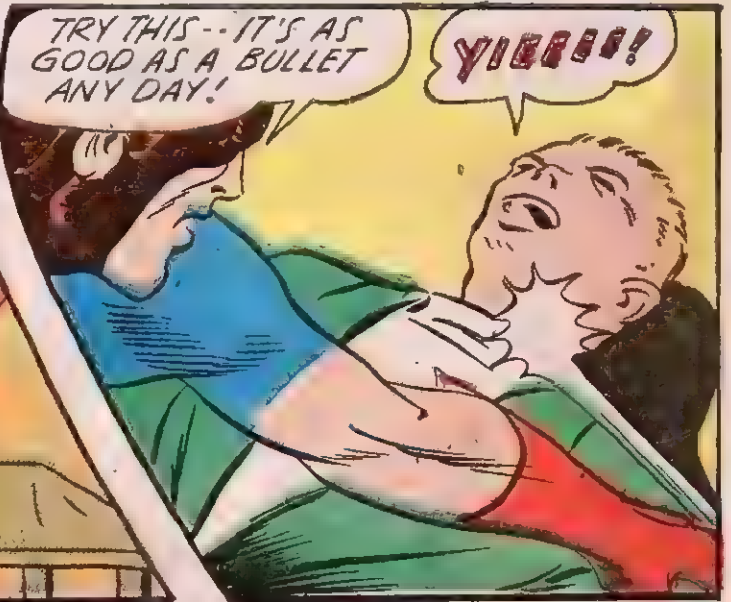
AMERICAN DOG! I VILL KILL YOU!

WH... UH-OH! YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY WIDE AWAKE, AREN'T YOU?



TRY THIS--IT'S AS GOOD AS A BULLET ANY DAY!

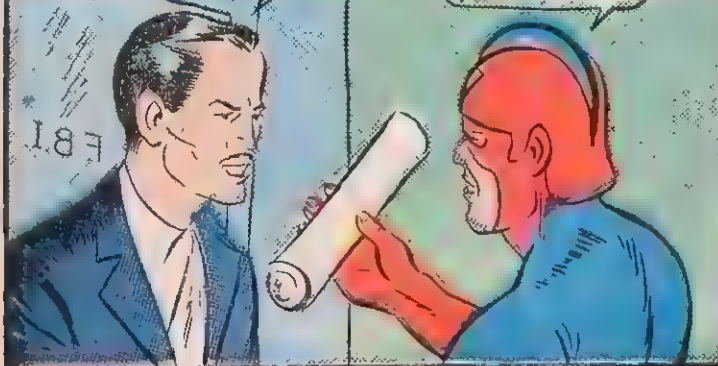
YIE!!!



PATRIOT BINDS THE NAZIS AND BRINGS THEM IN TO THE F.B.I. WITHOUT ANY FURTHER TROUBLE!

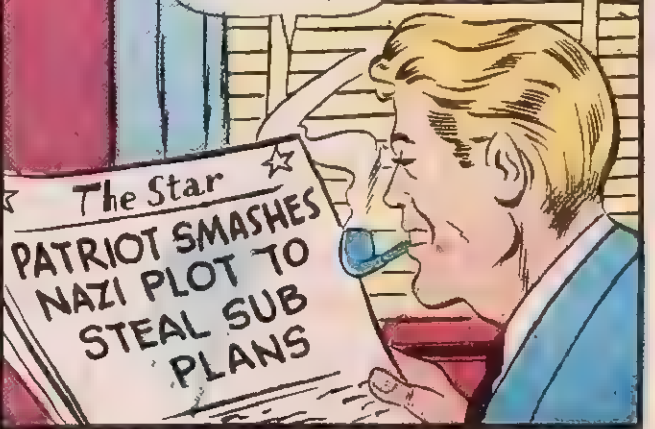
GOOD WORK, PATRIOT--IT'S MEN LIKE YOU THAT WILL HELP SPEED THE ALLIED VICTORY!

THANK YOU, SIR! AND HERE'S THE PLAN THAT WILL ALSO HAVE A GREAT PART IN IT!



THE NEXT DAY, JEFF MACE, SEATED AT HOME WITH THE MORNING PAPER, GLANCES OVER THE HEADLINES AND SMILES.

I GUESS THIS PATRIOT FELLOW DOESN'T LIKE NAZIS!





A MYSTERY AS VAGUE AS NIGHT CONFRONTS THE ANGEL, WHEN HE PENETRATES THE VEIL OF CONSPIRACY TO GET AT A CRIME OF UNSURPASSED HORROR!

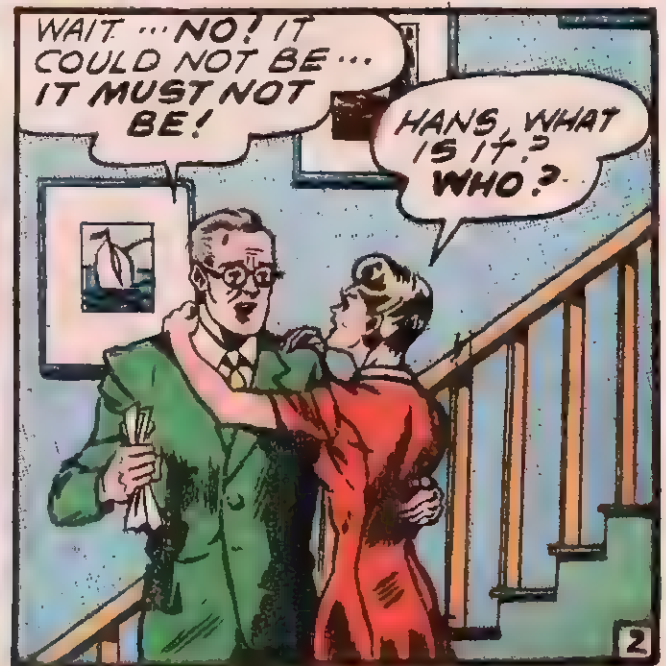
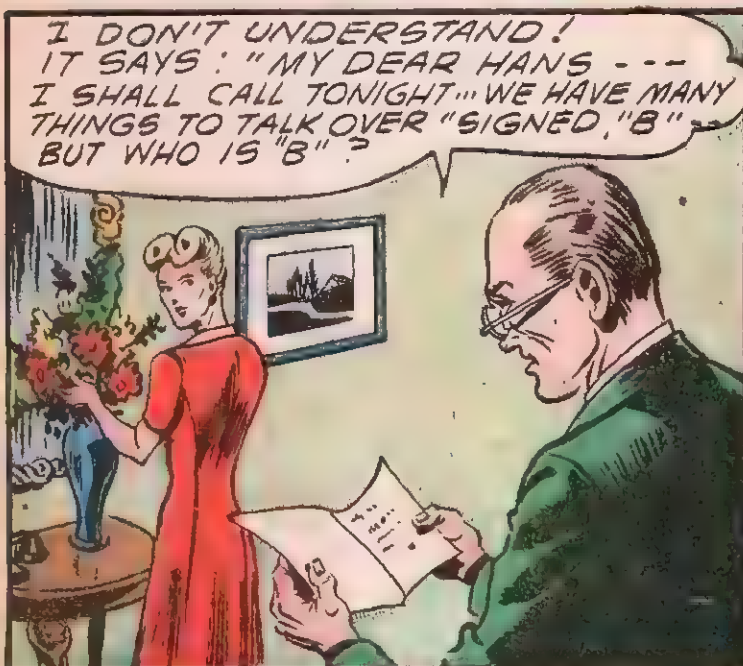
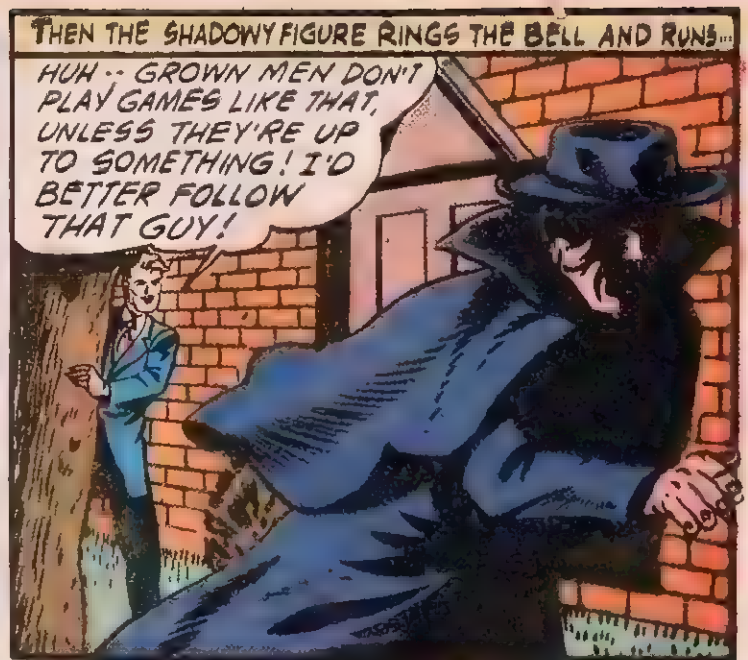
ONE EVENING AS THE ANGEL STROLLS ALONG THE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT OF TOWN...

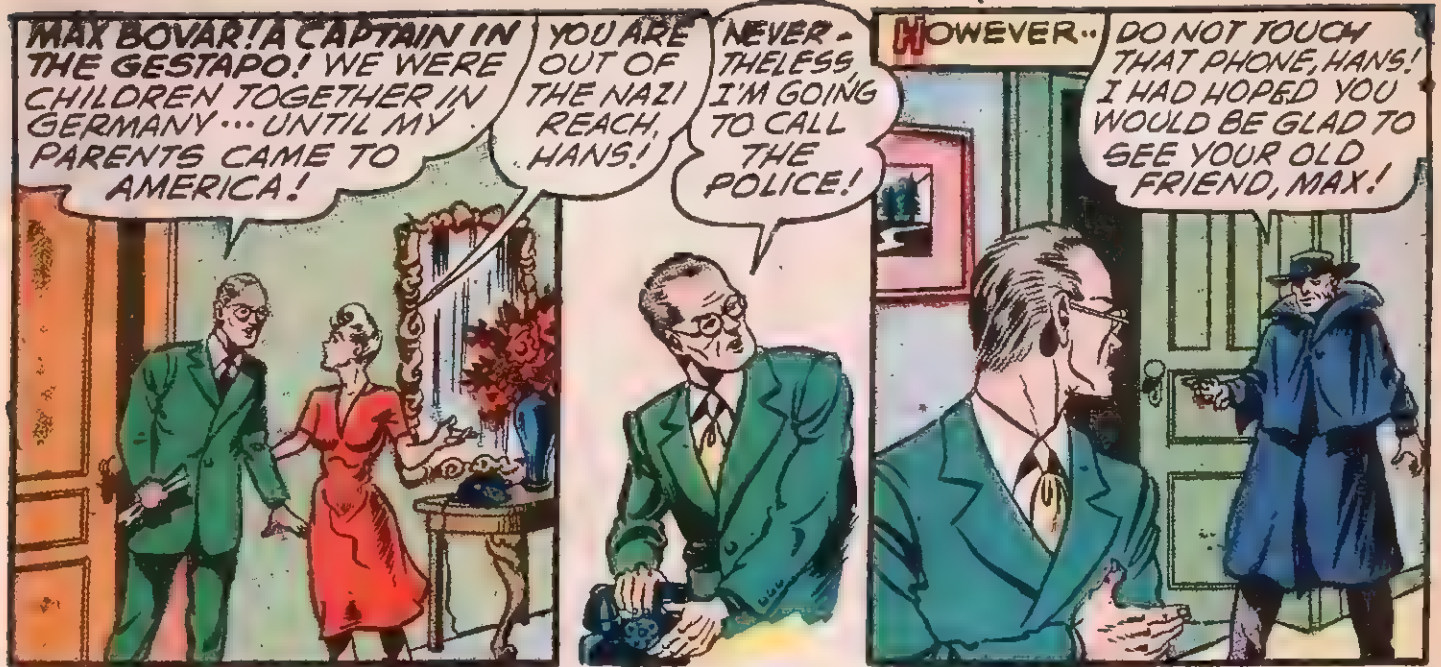
IT'S GOOD TO GET AWAY AND BREATHE SOME FRESH AIR ONCE IN A WHILE!



WELL, LOOK AT THAT -- A MAN WEARING A CLOAK! SEEMS STRANGE IN THIS COUNTRY!







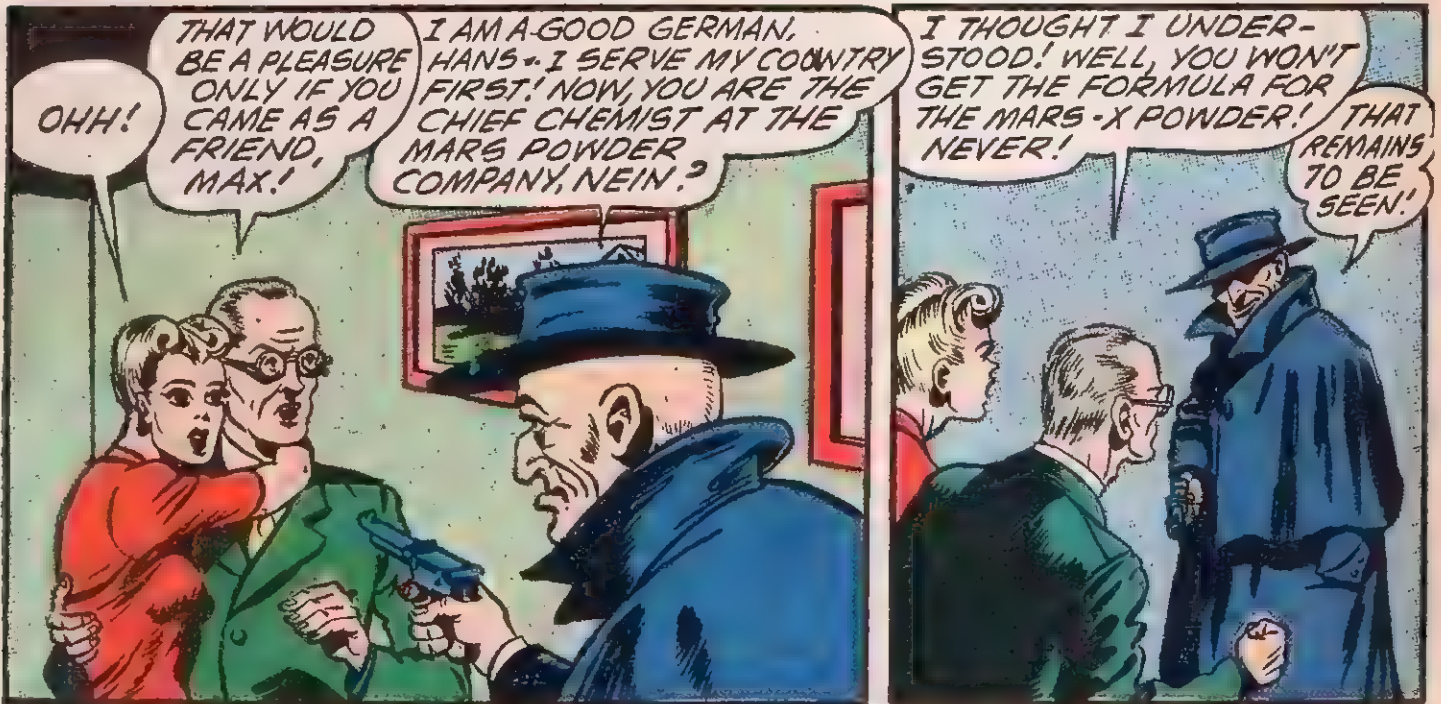
MAX BOVAR! A CAPTAIN IN THE GESTAPO! WE WERE CHILDREN TOGETHER IN GERMANY... UNTIL MY PARENTS CAME TO AMERICA!

YOU ARE OUT OF THE NAZI REACH, HANS!

NEVER - THELESS, I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

HOWEVER..

DO NOT TOUCH THAT PHONE, HANS! I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE YOUR OLD FRIEND, MAX!



OHH!

THAT WOULD BE A PLEASURE ONLY IF YOU CAME AS A FRIEND, MAX!

I AM A GOOD GERMAN, HANS - I SERVE MY COUNTRY FIRST! NOW, YOU ARE THE CHIEF CHEMIST AT THE MARS POWDER COMPANY, NEIN?

I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD! WELL, YOU WON'T GET THE FORMULA FOR THE MARS-X POWDER! NEVER!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!



GET INSIDE HERE! QUICK!

COME, ELSA--DO AS HE SAYS -- HE WOULD SHOOT! HANS, I'M FRIGHTENED!

JUST ONE LAST CHANCE TO GIVE ME WHAT I CAME FOR WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE...

NO--I'LL NEVER GIVE IT TO YOU, BOVAR! NEVER! D'YOU HEAR?

VERY WELL! PERHAPS STRONGER MEASURES WILL PROVE MORE PERSUASIVE!

TWEEET!

IN RESPONSE TO BOVAR'S SIGNAL, TWO MORE CLOAKED FIGURES RACE INTO THE ROOM...



STRAP MRS. DREDEN INTO A CHAIR AND LET US SEE YOUR LATEST TECHNIQUE!

JA, MIT PLEASURE!

NO!



BOVAR, LET HER GO! DO WHAT YOU...

CONTROL YOURSELF, HANS!

HANS... WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO?



WE WILL STOP AS SOON AS YOUR HUSBAND GIVES US THE INFORMATION WE WANT, FRAULEIN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

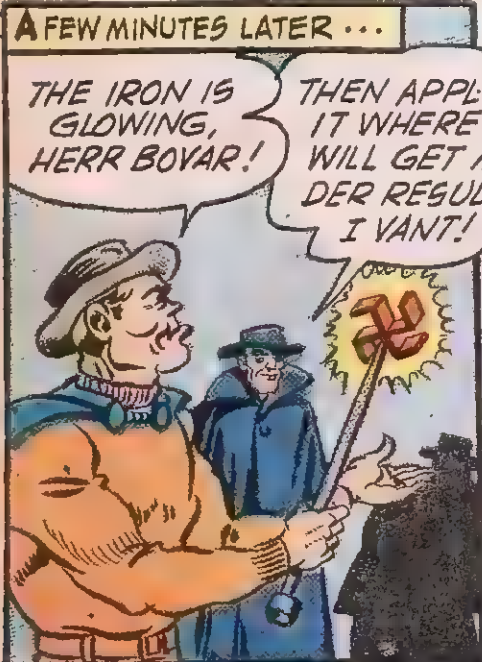
THE IRON IS GLOWING, HERR BOVAR!

THEN APPLY IT WHERE IT WILL GET ME DER RESULTS I WANT!

HA! THIS VILL HURT TERRIBLY

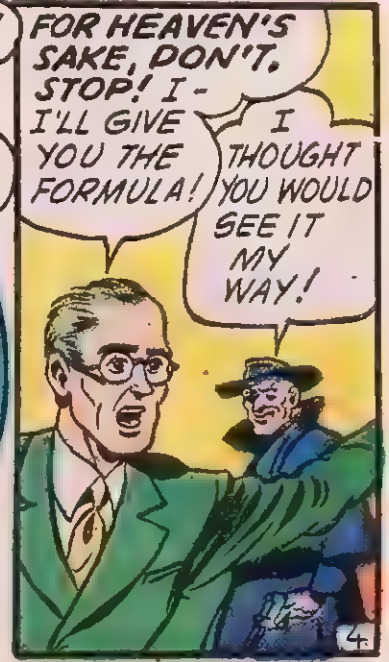
NO.. PLEASE! AIEEE!

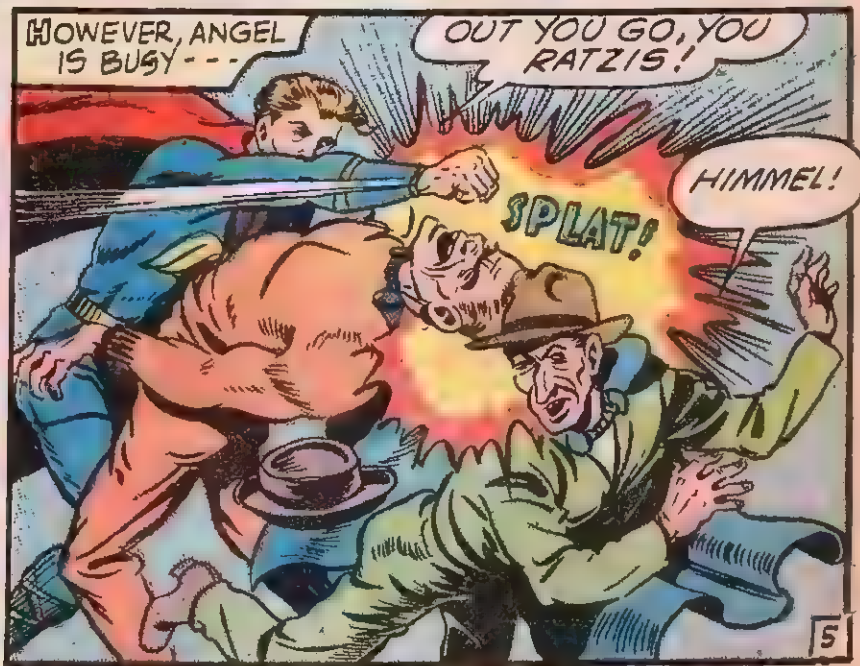
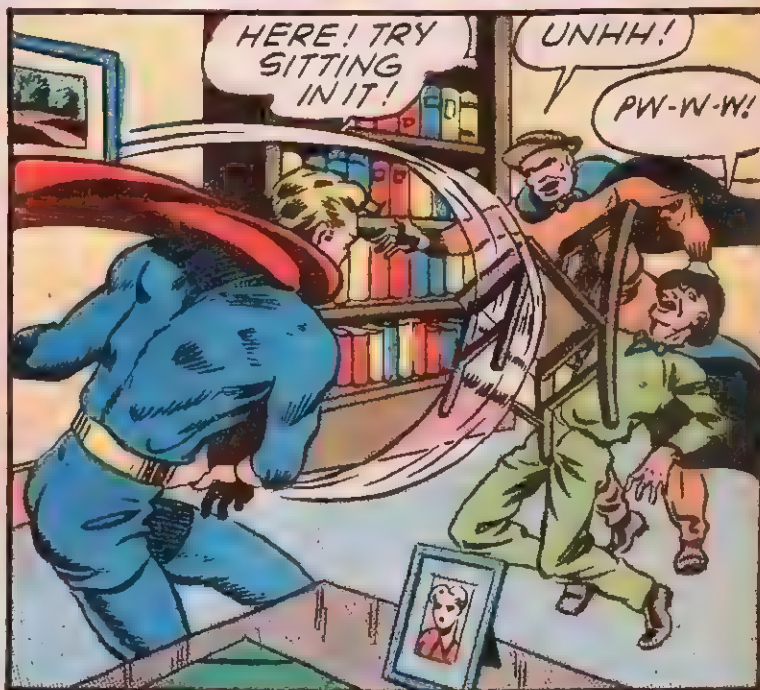
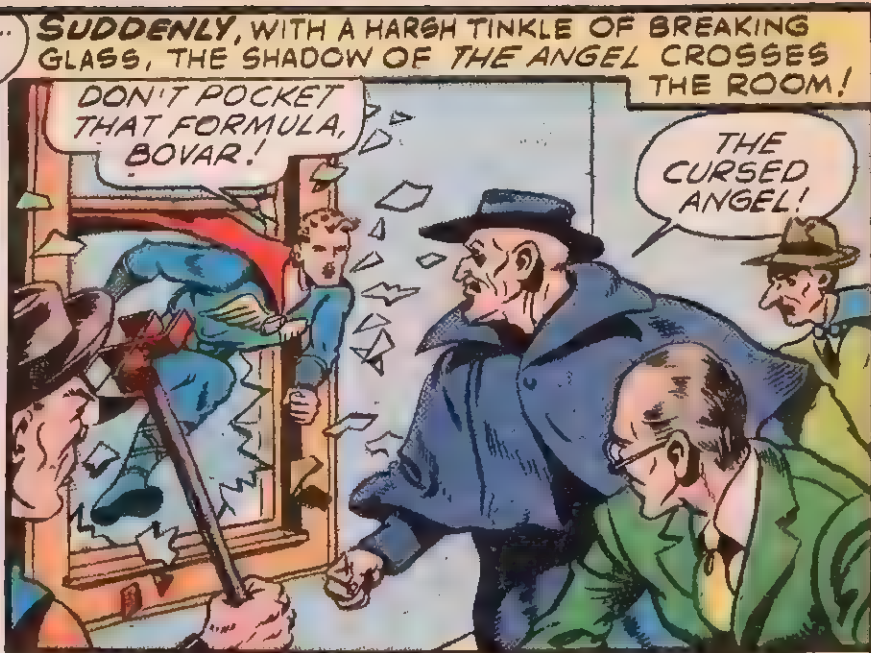
GIVE IT TO HER!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T STOP! I - I'LL GIVE YOU THE FORMULA!

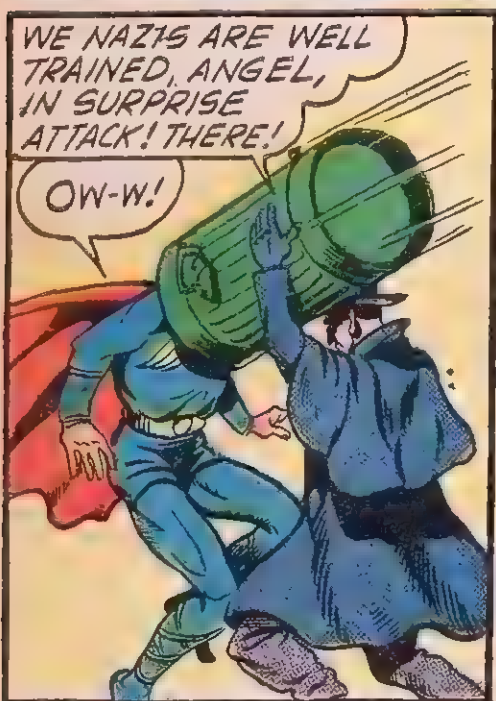
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD SEE IT MY WAY!







CALL THE
POLICE...
I'LL GET
BOVAR!



AS ANGEL APPROACHES, A HARD OVAL OBJECT
LEAVES BOVAR'S HAND ...

WHA-A...

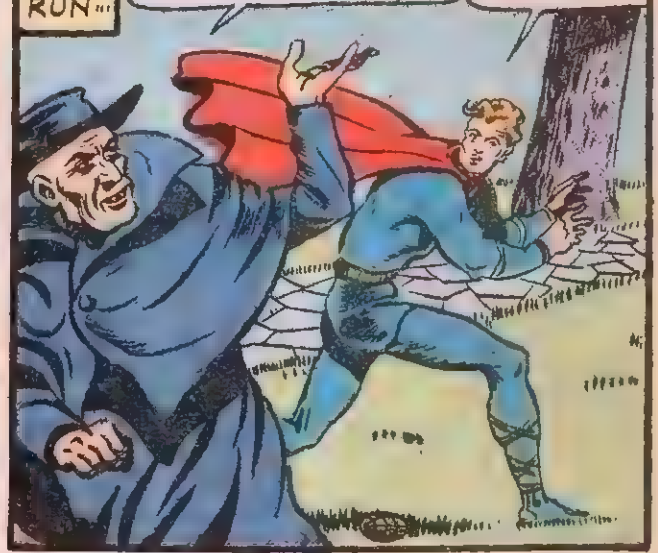
HAH! TACKLE
THIS HAND GRENADE
IF YOU CAN,
ANGEL!



BOVAR
TURNS
TO
RUN...

HA! YOU'LL HAVE A
STOMACH FULL, NOW,
AUF WIEDERSEHN!

IT'LL GO
OFF ANY
SECOND...



THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF TO
THE GROUND AND ROLLS OVER ...

THIS
MIGHT
HELP!



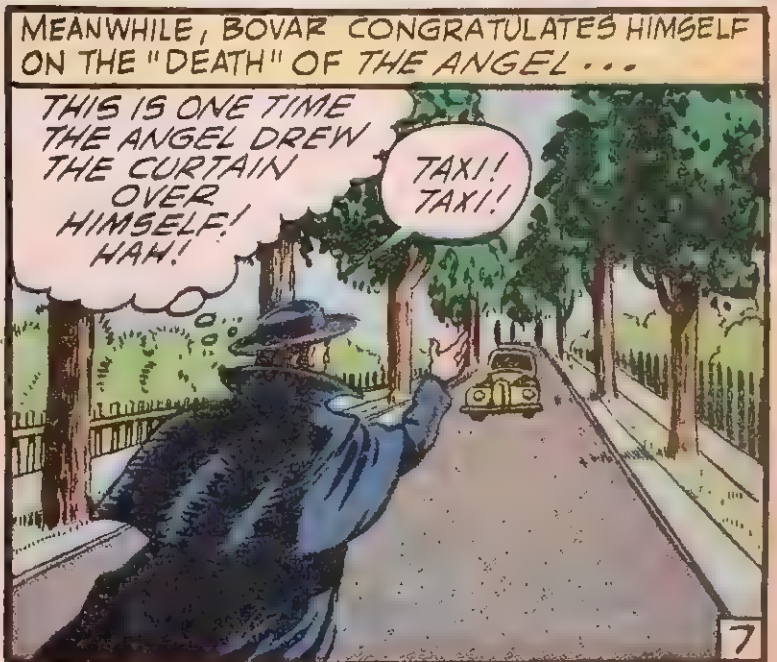
ONE SECOND LATER AND
I'D BE PLASTERED ALL
OVER THAT CRATER!



MEANWHILE, BOVAR CONGRATULATES HIMSELF
ON THE "DEATH" OF THE ANGEL ...

THIS IS ONE TIME
THE ANGEL DREW
THE CURTAIN
OVER
HIMSELF!
HAH!

TAXI!
TAXI!





BUT, FROM BEHIND HIM LEAPS AN ANGRY FIGURE!

HE WON'T PULL ANY TRICKS THIS TIME!

TAXI!



HELLO, BOVAR.

HIMMEL! DER ANGEL AGAIN!



BOVAR PULLS AWAY FROM ANGEL'S GRASP AND FALLS BACK!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

LOOK OUT!

THERE IS AN EAR SPLITTING SCREECH AND . . .



AIEEE!

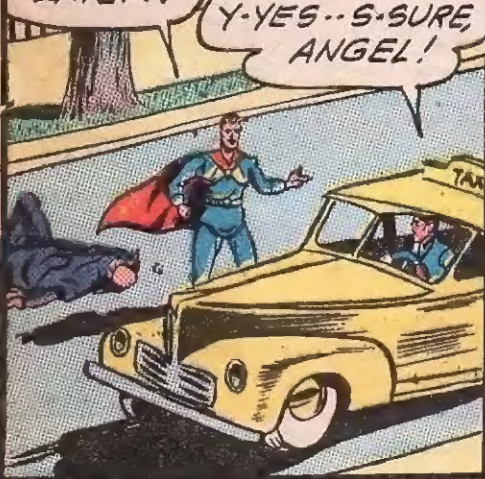
.. THE VILE NAZI LIES STILL IN THE GUTTER !

THE POOR FOOL! -- HE GOT CLIPPED. GOOD! I'D BETTER GET THE FORMULA BEFORE THE POLICE SHOW UP!

ONCE MORE THE EVER VIGILANT SHADOW OF THE ANGEL FALLS UPON A DEFEATED DESPOT...

CALL THE POLICE, CABBY, AND TELL THEM I'LL SEND IN MY REPORT LATER!

Y-YES... S-SURE, ANGEL!



MINUTES LATER, THE BELL AT HANS DREDEN'S RINGS ONCE MORE ...

HANS! IT IS THE FORMULA! THANK HEAVENS! THE ANGEL CAUGHT BOVAR! SPLENDID!



THE ANGEL WILL FIND ANOTHER NEED FOR HIS SPECIAL TALENTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

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1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain vogue and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do: fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedias; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more no time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health; or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume" etc., etc.
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